

# TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT.

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## Things in General.

GRIMSBY PARK was originally invented as a soul saving contrivance, and I remember attending a camp-meeting there soon after it was patented. The woods were wild with people from all over the district in which it was situated, a few seeking salvation, but the vast majority having a good time. I was only a lad, but it struck me that the camp-meeting was very much of a burlesque. Everybody shouted, some because they had something the matter with them which they could not explain, but which they took for a threatened change of heart; others because shouting is infectious and because the more noise there is the more fun there is. Preachers were saying things which if they said them nowadays would cause them to be led out of the grounds by the ear, while songs were sung and fire and brimstone danced amongst the trees like fireworks on a First of July. I confess I was horrified and disgusted, and when I lay me down to sleep that night in the house of a friend I felt that all that was religious within me had been shocked and disturbed beyond repair. I was religious then, for no well trained boy of eighteen or twenty has lost his reverence for what his mother told him nor is deaf to the family prayers and the reading voice of his father when each morning the Scriptures are explained. To me the thing was a horror, a burlesque, a religious circus; and though I hope I have not lost my respect for religion, I am quite certain I lost my respect for camp-meetings during the crazy performances indulged in on the Grimsby shore. Unconsciously perhaps I have judged Methodism by those old-time standards, which seemed to admit that the man who made the most noise was the greatest saint, and that the woman who had a fit was a mother in Israel. In those days they talked about "getting religion" as nowadays we talk about getting measles or typhoid fever, though I am quite sure that members of the Methodist denomination are quite as certain to-day that religion is not a thing that we get, but something we live, or do not live, as the case may be. The shrieking appeals for the Holy Ghost to come down and grasp the sinner seemed to me blasphemous, and that sort of thing seems to me blasphemous still. The wild cries for men and women to come up to the penitential bench made me shudder, for, boy as I was, I knew that a man in secret sits on the penitential bench of his thoughts, forebodings with remorse, repentance and shame, when he is sorry for his sins. The penitential bench, however, of the camp-meeting was a wooden affair, and the grotesque contortions, howlings and moanings of the mourners who were seeking salvation would have been more in place in a lunatic asylum than in a religious meeting. It cannot be denied that there was something stirring and weird in the wailings of the self-confessedly damned, something uplifting and comforting to the senses in the great waves of song which swept over the camp when a soul declared itself to have been saved. These sensations, however, were confined to those who were religious; the whole performance was simply a circus to those who came to see the show. When a particularly prominent sinner went forward he was greeted with cries, "Go up, Jim," "Hurrah for heaven," "Bully for you," and all that sort of ribaldry. It took a good deal of courage to "go forward," but the excitement of the moment helped many a wicked lump of humanity over the fence. As to whether they stayed over the fence was a different proposition. Some of the converts could be seen in the village tavern the next day protesting that the whole thing was a joke, and I am certain that much more harm than good was done in those days in the Grimsby woods.

Later on the Grimsby Park became a Methodist enterprise, with schools for education and all sorts of things during the week, and with great preachers to deliver orations to the crowds on Sundays. During the halcyon days of the park as a speculation, when Rev. Manly Benson was in charge, many attractions were booked, as they say in theatrical circles, for this wooded arena. Sometimes attractions were advertised which did not materialize. Great preachers were used as an attraction and little ones appeared on the platform. But money was made and Grimsby Park had a boom. But it was a boom that smelt altogether too strongly in the nostrils of those who desired a fair return for their money. It finally fell into desuetude and by the ungodly was called a fake, and I am sufficiently ungodly to endorse the general verdict of the public.

However, it seems to have continued to exist, though we have seldom heard of it of late. The row with Rev. Elliott S. Rowe, pastor of Euclid avenue Methodist church and secretary of the Toronto Conference, has again brought this religious paradise into notice. I am sorry for Brother Rowe, for he is too stout a man to be hustled about on a hot day, but I am glad that he had the manliness to resist the notorious self-seeking of the managers of the Park. It appears that for the sake of a five cent piece which they had no apparent right to extract from him, he was treated like a small boy trying to creep under the canvas of a circus. The Methodist fraternity must feel humiliated and disgusted with such a performance. But it shows the general public that no denomination can run a commercial concern on anything but commercial lines. If the Methodists, or Baptists, or Presbyterians, or Congregationalists, or Anglicans had charge of the Garden of Eden they would take gate money and have constables to enforce the payment. If the committee of any church, Catholic or Protestant, had charge of the gates of Heaven they would need constables to keep the peace, and riots would be as common as they are now on Toronto Island. No matter what sort of sectarianism had charge of Heaven there would be a row around the band-stand just the same. I do not mention these things to discredit religion, but to show that when religion is mixed with politics or business, religion always becomes discredited and the politics and the business suffer.

Now we will presume that these same godly and Methodist gentlemen had charge of prohibition. What would the outcome be but rioting and denunciations? The more one looks at it and thinks of it the more it seems absolutely necessary that the Government should keep its business in its own hands and not permit itself to be swayed by organizations which, when they attempt a commercial enterprise, become the greatest fakers in the community. We have had coffee-houses, and temperance associations, and Lord's Day Alliances, and all sorts and conditions of associations to make some people do things and to prevent them from doing things, and they always fail. Yet with what boldness do they step forward and offer a proposition to the Dominion of Canada which in effect is that they will do that which no one on earth has ever done, which no nation has ever accomplished, which no fraction of a country has ever been able to effect. We find self-seeking and a desire for profit sufficiently strong in the Grimsby Park Association to hustle a noted and respected preacher, the secretary of the Toronto Conference, for five cents, yet the same denomination offers to govern Canada under prohibition in a way that the Government cannot attempt even at an expenditure of millions of dollars a year. It is all rubbish. Business people must conduct business affairs. Those who know anything about the facts are aware that preachers never succeed in doing business. This is not because they have not the capacity, but because they think they should have a latitude and longitude in commercial affairs which no business man will grant them. They must attend to business as other people attend to it or they get called down. Our Methodist brethren have never been able to run a summer resort even without fakes and funny business which would frighten an ordinary showman. They row amongst themselves like women in a sewing-circle. They fail in what they attempt because

they try to do things on a basis which is not workable. They bring their religion into disrepute and diminish their influence when they touch a thing outside of their proper sphere. Yet it is upon such as these that we would have to rely to enforce prohibition. Their intentions no doubt are honorable, their motives pure, but their methods are simply preposterous. When their methods are not preposterous they are founded upon the worldly wisdom of this crumbling earth, and they are derided as pretentious promoters and as soulless corporations—for instance, the Methodist Book Room. The less the whole community leans upon the religious leaders and temperance leaders for guidance and business management, the better off they are.

It would not be right to leave the impression that the Methodists of Canada are even largely in sympathy with the pretentious people who would like to appear as leaders of the denomination. The Methodist church, like every other church, is made up of all sorts of elements, though it must be admitted that in the Methodist body noisy and self-seeking people can more easily obtain prominence in class-meetings and prayer-meetings and that sort of thing, than elsewhere. For this reason the denomination has had to answer for the bad performances of many who had only used the class-room as a means of commercial promotion. One of the bravest and most sensible utterances with regard to prohibition is to be found in the sermon preached last Sunday in Sackville, N.B., by Rev. Dr. David Allison, president of the Mount Allison College and University. The substance of his remarks was to the effect that he was willing to join heart and soul in everything that would promote temperance, but that he did not believe that prohibition would prohibit. He said: "I cannot recommend the great body of Methodists to vote for prohibition. . . . Personally, I could not vote for a measure which was only calculated for a portion of our people, and which would not further the cause of

recovery, though the disease is swift and its depredations on the tissues are something terrible. During an epidemic, when nurses and doctors are rare and remedies are not at hand, the patient frequently dies during the first twenty-four hours, and within from six to twelve hours the entire abdominal tissues give way. Where good nursing is had, even the patients who die linger for a considerable period, and by the use of champagne and ice they not infrequently die quite comfortably. The remedy most used in the districts afflicted with yellow fever is olive oil and lemon. The first effort of everyone who feels that yellow fever is coming on is to have a thorough purge, and in many of the huts and houses of foreigners in the yellow fever belt you will always see a large bottle of castor oil, which, together with a bottle of whiskey, is often taken holus-bolus to clean and stimulate the system. This is not a very refined subject, but it is one that deserves attention, because a traveler may remember these simple things and in a moment of extremity save himself from fatal result of carelessness or ignorance. If more people understood how to take care of themselves fewer people would be sick and epidemics would not be so deadly.

The cradle of yellow fever, however, has never been fixed as belonging to Cuba. The people of Panama disclaim the Isthmus as the origin of the annual scourge, though the sanitation of those miserable towns of Colon and Panama is as bad, if not worse than that of Santiago and Havana. Nothing could be more suggestive of pestilence than the way the houses are built in the two cities named. If, however, the evidence of the people of the Panama Isthmus is to be believed, Guayaquil in Ecuador is the nursing place of all the pestilences which afflict the Pacific Coast and which, crossing the Isthmus, devastate the Southern States and Cuba. Almost under the equator, this strange and filthy city lies baking under an everlastingly burning sun. It is about seventy miles from the sea up the bay and river, and while reasonably healthy habitation may be had on the adjacent

proceed on the present lines. Everything must be changed. The United States has taken upon itself to change things in Cuba and the Philippines. As sure as fate the hatred she has created in Spanish and Spanish-American hearts will award her the task of straightening out South America. It is a colossal task which will drain the resources of the great North American republic and cripple her with a war which may last fifty years, for the people they war against are self-contained, they have learned enough of the arts of manufacturing to sustain life and make a reasonable resistance. When the United States started in to make a decent country out of Cuba they practically undertook the task of reforming Latin America, and the great God of battles only knows how they will be able to attend to the work that is before them. If they succeed, the trade with that enormous country will be theirs, which would be a distinct gain, as at present they have but little of it. Germany, Italy, Spain and France will have to be reckoned with, but with Great Britain as an ally the United States can attend to the job. What I desire to particularly impress on the mind of the reader is that some nation or collection of nations will be forced into the breach before many years. The one who undertakes it will have to spend the treasure of the nation, but it will be for the good of the world if the revolutionary little republics are forced to recognize some force superior to assassination and conspiracy.

THE drowning accident at the Island on Wednesday evening was attended by some circumstances that are not very pleasant to dwell upon, especially by those of us who have expressed our abhorrence of the way the sailors on La Bourgoigne conducted themselves. We have all been speaking in high terms of the Anglo-Saxon, yet it seems that two housemaids, when thrown from a canoe into the water, were deserted and left to drown, within a few yards of a crowded ferry-boat and with row-boats all around—deserted by all save one passenger on the ferry, the actor Wilkes Steward, who swam back and rescued one of the sisters. It is said that one row-boat was almost beside the drowning girls, but, instead of attempting a rescue, its occupants pulled frantically away. Occupants of other boats looked on and did nothing. I am told that the actor, on seeing the upset, felt no concern at first, seeing so many small boats so near, but when no help was put forth by those who might have helped, he felt a personal call to do something, so pulled off his coat and jumped into the lake. It is said, also, that when he rescued one of the girls and placed her on the canoe, he had great difficulty in inducing any row-boat to come near him and his charge. The whole thing should make us ashamed as a people, and only for the prompt courage of the "play-actor" we would have been as deeply disgraced as were the Latins when men of their blood drowned and slew women to save their own lives. Men who tried to get out of the cage at Hanlan's to attempt a rescue were held back by red tape, which seems to suggest that if the waterfront is to be poisoned off there should be life-savers on the water-side of the grating. The girl that was drowned was in the water half an hour, I am told, before word was sent over to the swimming club near by, where many strong swimmers and divers could have been called out at a moment's notice. The whole case reminds us that when an accident occurs there results a panic; therefore, in dangerous or much-frequented places, there should be a man on guard whose duty it would be to resist panic and do promptly the wisest things.

ROWDYISM at band concerts and in public places seems to be increasing. The worst feature of the whole business is that many of the citizens and some of the newspapers regard the brawls as a joke. It is to be hoped the Chief of Police will not take this view of it. If it becomes impossible for the bands to play in the public parks without the accompaniment of hardy gurdies and mouth-organs and shrieks and cat-calls, the city would be foolish to provide any appropriation for concerts which are intended for peaceable people. The rowdies have no organization suitable for obtaining an audience, but they depend entirely upon the obstruction of entertainments which have been arranged by law-abiding people. If a cordon of police were to surround two or three hundred of these interrupters and hold them until they were fined or sent to jail, we might have quiet. If this is not done the rowdy element will be so encouraged that they will interrupt some function which will bring great discredit on the city. The cat-o-nine tails is none too severe for the youth who thinks it smart to interfere with the arrangements of other people. Let us have peace even if we have to obtain it with a club. Let us have decent behavior even if we have to strap some of the offenders to a triangle. Toronto must not be run by rowdies, and people who gather in this city to hear music or speeches or to celebrate any event which seems to them worthy of celebration, must not be hustled and crowded and tramped upon by a parcel of ill-bred whelps that a smart blow with a stick would send home sorry. This sort of thing is no joke; it is a distinct violation of the rights of every man, woman and child in Toronto to go where they please in peace without fear of molestation and thoroughly confident that their surroundings will be as safe as if they were at home.

As I have frequently pointed out, there is growing up in Toronto a rowdy element which needs the severest punishment to make them understand that they are not the dominant element in this city. At one time the police of Toronto were too severe. Law-abiding citizens were made to move on from street corners, and one was in danger of being pushed along by a constable if one stood on a street corner waiting for a car. Fortunately, this sort of thing is past, and the everyday person can go about his business or speak to an acquaintance on the street corner without being hit on the head with a club. Now the police authorities seem to be going to the other extreme. At the next band concert where the crowd is obstreperous the Chief of Police might very well spare fifty men off their beats to bang the noisy part of the crowd into silence and to rake in enough offenders to make the occasion a solemn warning to others. Chief of Police Grasset should make it his motto, "No rowdy shall go unpunished." Rowdiness is the curse of a city. If tolerated it organizes itself; resorts spring up at which rowdies congregate, mature their plans and become a formidable enemy to the public peace. At the inception of the movement there should be little difficulty in suppressing it. If it is not suppressed at once the police force of Toronto will be busy for the next five years pounding the low element of the city into shape. Police constables will be assaulted and there will be a reign of terror at every public gathering. Give them a good hard dose of punishment now and it will be over. This policy cannot be adopted too swiftly nor pursued too vigorously.

I AM glad to see that some of the daily papers are taking up the street nuisances which like rowdies are accumulating in Toronto. It has been pointed out to the authorities that many of the foreign fakers who are going about the streets grinding organs, and playing tambourines, and telling fortunes by birds, and all that sort of thing, are outsiders who are relieving our citizens of considerable cash which is paid to padrones in the United States. They are an unmitigated nuisance, making life miserable for well people and turning it into an agony for those who are sick. For years I have been advocating the suppression of this sort of thing in Toronto, and have incurred the ridicule of some of the daily papers in consequence. These same papers have been the loudest-voiced in clamoring for a quiet Sunday, but I contend that in the residential parts of the city at least we should have a quiet day every day. There is no reason for the clamor of hawkers, and



A BROWN STUDY.

From the painting by Robert Fleury.

temperance one particle." It is cheering to see a leading man in the Methodist denomination shaking off the shackles of conventionalism and voicing the opinion of those who have calculated the size of the monumental task which the thoughtless, the selfish and the fanatical are so ready to undertake. Speaking for myself and voicing, I believe, the opinion of tens of thousands who speak in neither the pulpit nor the press and can be coerced by neither, I would give up everything that I have and cheerfully devote the balance of my life to correcting the evils of intemperance if I believed that prohibition would prohibit or the passing of a law would do away with the drinking habit. No one is fighting for the perpetuation of drunkenness or to increase the facilities for drinking wine, beer, alcohol, elder, or anything of the sort, excepting perhaps the manufacturers of such articles, and they are quite as willing to recognize the evils of the business as anybody else. The whole sentiment of the sensible, experienced and business public points to the only solution obtainable; that is, greater restrictions with regard to the sale of liquor, more stringent inspection of the quality, swifter punishment for the offender. Give us these reforms and, aided by the sentiment which can be created by the pulpit, Canada will soon become a temperance country. There is no public man of any standing, no writer or speaker of any repute who is willing to defend the abuse of spirituous liquors, wine, beer, elder or anything else. Why? Because public sentiment would damn any man who attempted such a thing. The community need have no fear of propaganda in favor of universal drinking or of the abandonment of the restrictions which have been put upon the vending of liquor. The whole argument is summarized in this, that we are better off as we are than we would be under prohibition. And having left myself open to the charge of favoring the liquor traffic, I am glad to find myself in company with such men as Rev. Dr. Allison, Rev. Principal Grant, and many others who are not afraid to tell the truth, even if for the moment they appear to be in collusion with publicans and sinners.

THE United States press is now dealing with the problem of making Cuban cities more sanitary than they have been in the past. The task will be an expensive one, for surface drainage is about all that can be claimed for the best of Cuban and Southern cities. Two or three million dollars, however, should put Havana and Santiago and Cienfuegos in decent shape, but the idea that the annual inroads of yellow fever into the United States come from Cuba is a mistake. Panama is supposed to be the cradle of both Yellow and Pernicious fevers. These fevers are alike in symptoms and results, and the difference between them can only be distinguished by a microscopic examination of the blood of the patient. Yellow fever is contagious, pernicious fever is not, but one is quite as deadly as the other. A great mistake is made, however, in presuming that yellow fever is almost invariably fatal. Taken early and carefully nursed, the yellow fever patient has a very good chance of

hills, the natives cluster in droves in houses built of mud and cane, and no one thinks it worth while to be clean. The population is estimated at from thirty to forty thousand. There is no drainage at all. The sand absorbs the moisture; the vultures do the rest. When people sicken and die they are buried and the cause is not sought for. Why should it be? Nobody is needed, nobody is missed. If I had an enemy I should use my influence to have him appointed to some office which would tie him close to Guayaquil. Ships go in and come out of that port because they have cargo to obtain or deliver there, not because their captains want to see the sights, yet when there is no epidemic it looks as peaceful and healthy and attractive as Santiago, if not more so. No one thinks of trying to change it. The major part of it was burned down a couple of years ago; the new buildings are just as bad as the old ones; the church bells ring as they did of yore; the women who have nothing else to do go to mass, and those who have anything to do squat about the stalls in the market selling stuff rancid enough to give fever to those who look upon it. They seem happy; why should civilization interfere with them?

This is a superficial view of the case. Panama, sickly as it is, claims that Guayaquil is the festering spot of the fever. New Orleans blames Panama; Cuba blames Panama; and altogether we have the circle of the fever defined with Panama as its basis, when, as a matter of fact, Guayaquil is largely to blame. But there is no way of reaching Guayaquil by any sanitary law unless it be made an international one. Ecuador recognizes no other nation on earth as its superior. It is said there is not a mile of wagon-road in the whole republic. The priests are dominant and the government is slumberous.

I mention these facts to indicate what the next move of the United States is liable to be. Central and South America are unsanitary; Brazil particularly is a hotbed of fever, smallpox and eruptive filth. Diplomatically it may be held that the United States will be quite justified in sending gun-boats to the ports of Central America and to Para, Pernambuco, Bahia and Rio de Janeiro, for the purpose of insisting that these dreadful scourges be prevented or restrained. Revolutions are rampant in all these countries. The United States can easily find an excuse for sending Sampson, and Dewey, and Watson, and Schley, to insist on peace and health. No matter what mission a United States gun-boat has to one of those ports, a war will result. The little republics of Central America and the big republics of South America have infinite confidence in themselves, and there is in existence a nebulous Pan-South-American alliance. Whenever the United States interferes in that country the whole southern part of the continent will be ablaze, yet somebody must interfere.

The best thought of all the republics concerned, excepting Argentina perhaps, understands that Latin America cannot



rag-pickers, and bottle-gatherers, and hurdy-gurdies intruding itself where people desire to be at peace. Under ordinary circumstances even with a suppression of these nuisances the door-bell is pulled on an average nearly every fifteen minutes, and the rights of no one who deserves consideration would be injured by reducing this average to once every half-hour. Once an hour would be quite legitimate, but no one can interfere with the man with the circular, or the gentleman who desires to clean the chimney, or the half-hundred others who can claim to have business with the inmates. Toronto is proud of the noise and bustle of its business streets, but it is desirous to have peace in the home neighborhood. Are the aldermen afraid of the votes of the fish-peddler, and fruit-screamer, and organ-grinders? They need not be, for the fruit and vegetable vendors who have customers make no outcry. A man with an established business, whether he has his stock in a store or in a wagon, knows where to go. Those he treats well tell their neighbors of the advantages he offers, and business can be conducted without any yelling. I have no objection to the foreigners who are mostly engaged in peddling; they have a perfect right to do their work under proper conditions after paying a reasonable license, but the conditions should be made rigorous and the license should be made expensive. We may all sympathize with the exile from Poland who goes about crying, "Regs! bots!" but we do not desire to hear his voice, and there is no reason why it should be forced upon us; he should be suppressed. Even the horses of the city object to this sort of thing, for animals that have been trained to behave themselves in the presence of the trolley cars have recently run away because of the hurdy-gurdy and tambourine operators. With our congested streets in the center of the city, and the swift-moving trolleys, and a score other disadvantages which every driver must experience, why should not the nuisances which simply take money out of the city and do nobody any good, be suppressed?

We have all watched lawsuits with a thorough knowledge that both litigants were certain to lose money no matter how the case ended. But few of us, however, have had more than one opportunity of watching a war in which the end was so obvious from the beginning. No one in Spain or elsewhere in Europe, Asia, Africa or America, imagined that there could be but one ending to the Hispano-American conflict. This being the



Imperial Penny Postage Stamp.

This is the very rough draft of a design for an Imperial Penny Postage Stamp shown to Sir Wilfrid Laurier last year. It elicited the Premier's approval, and may come to be adopted by the Canadian Government. —London (Eng.) Daily Mail.

case, one wonders why Spain permitted itself to throw away the few dollars which remained to it in what was practical bankruptcy, in a fight which must increase the nation's debt and could add no glory to a land from which glory has long since departed. Now we are told that the Spaniards are suing for peace. If the Government of Spain had recognized the circumstances as they recognize them now, months ago, they would have saved three or four hundred millions of dollars—the cost of the fight that they have made and the indemnity they will be forced to pay the United States. Their place in the galaxy of nations would have been as bright if not brighter than it will be after they have been severely whipped without being able to strike a blow. Their possessions would have been greater; their self-respect would have been less damaged. Spain is not the only nation which has ridden for a fall, and the spirit which led this decaying monarchy to demonstrate its feebleness is not so rare that we can afford to laugh at it. Business houses fight to the death and ruin themselves and their creditors; families, actuated by the same foolish pride, live beyond their means and almost perish with shame; individuals spend money which they cannot afford, engage in litigation which is ruinous, maintain feuds which are bitter and disastrous. In the present instance, however, surely the nations of the world will find a lesson which will not be soon forgotten. Why should men or nations fight who cannot win? Is it not better to accept the insult that we cannot resent than, by resenting it, demonstrate the fact that we are incapable of taking our own part? When a bully calls a weakling a nasty name it is the code of honor amongst men that the little fellow must fight even if he gets a licking. This has been Spain's code, and it is a fool code, and the sooner it is eliminated from the list of things which a man or a nation must do, the better. A little man furiously fighting a big one whom he cannot whip, while being knocked into little pieces by the savage force of his opponent, is so ridiculous and preposterous that the picture should never be exhibited. By careful attention to the rise and fall of the tide of human affairs men and nations can get at the other fellow when their fighting will mean something. To fight when the fight means nothing is folly. Spain has found this out, and is now about to settle a bill which will stagger the peninsula for generations to come. If with a wave of the hand they had passed the subject as too small to consider; if they had lost Cuba with no sign but a shrug of the shoulders, no one would have known how weak Spain is. As it is, Spain has demonstrated her weakness, her corruptness, her thorough incapacity to put up even a decent fight with the materials she had on hand. Amongst the powers she cuts no more figure than a last year's bird's-nest, and for making herself such a picturesque ass she will have to pay anywhere from three to five hundred million dollars. Surely this ought to teach us all a little sense.

#### Canada in the United Kingdom.

The High Commissioner for Canada asks us to state that the following are the principal Canadian Government agencies in the United Kingdom: Mr. A. F. Jury, 15 Water street, Liverpool; Mr. H. M. Murray, 52 St. Enoch Square, Glasgow, and Mr. C. B. Devlin (commissioner for immigration, Ireland), 14 West moreland street, Dublin. There are other Government agents, as follows: Mr. W. L. Griffith, 10 The Walk, Cardiff; Mr. John Grant, Parkhurst, Dumfries; Mr. W. G. Stuart, 66 South Gully street, Elgin; Mr. E. O'Kelly, 12 Clarendon street, Londonderry, and Mr. J. Webster, 30 Upper Leeson street, Dublin. Both at the High Commissioner's office, 17 Victoria street, London, S. W., and at the Government agencies, Canadians visiting the United Kingdom will be welcome, and correspondence is invited on any matters connected with the development of trade between Canada and the Mother Country. Information of an interesting nature concerning the different parts of Canada and the encouragement of emigration will also, we are asked to state, be gladly received at these offices for circulation.

#### Some Notes From Ireland.

I HAVE had the advantage of an invitation to an Irish model farm, or, more correctly speaking, the estate of a titled Irish gentleman. The estate consists of 6,000 Irish acres, which would be known as many more if calculated in Canadian acres, 11 acres (Irish) being equal to 1 Canadian. Sixteen hundred acres are under their own management and the remaining 5,000 are rented or leased, and under the present system of tenure the tenant practically owns the land, enjoying the greatest privileges, with laws made specially for his benefit. If a tenant thinks he is paying too much rent he brings the landlord to court and there both sides of the case are discussed, valuations are sent out, and the decision is generally in favor of the tenant, the result of which must hold good for fifteen years. The landlord at no time can force the tenant to leave as long as he pays his rent, which is always considered (by the tenant) as too high. He may at any time sell out to another without the consent of the owner, and you always find agitators in different parts of the country looking for sympathy for the downtrodden Irish tenant. Their sad tales find free admission to many American papers, but if these tales were looked into many of them would be found without foundation whatever. The Irish farmer is not always eager to work, and with the rich soil and moist climate the average Canadian could make money more quickly than in many parts of Canada.

Returning to the farm I find about sixty bulls, and in all about two hundred cattle. The bulls are thoroughbred and bring from \$150 to \$300 each, and find ready sale; their stables and stalls are models, the pedigree of each opposite the stall. Of late they have been shipped extensively to South America and Australia, from where a large proportion of beef finds ready sale in the British market, and together with what is shipped from America brings British beef much lower than it should be, and it takes the best of Canadian beef to find sale in the second class. I wonder at Canadian butchers, that they don't buy the best that Canada produces, as it is sometimes sacrificed here. Britain imported last year from Canada, 126,481 cattle, and from foreign countries, including the United States, 490,174. Only 14 calves were imported from Canada and 19 from the United States; none came from other markets. The importation of sheep and lambs was from Canada, 63,761, and from foreign markets, 547,711. Salted beef, Canada, 678 cwt.; foreign, 173,707 cwt. Fresh beef, Canada, 5,774 cwt.; foreign, 2,370,353 cwt. Bacon, Canada, 290,283 cwt.; foreign, 4,713,970 cwt. Pork (salted), not hams, Canada, 16,291 cwt.; foreign, 220,913. Pork (hams), Canada, 119,133; foreign, 1,606,725.

Returning to my first subject, the estate is literally overrun with rabbits, of which they annually send \$2,500 worth to Liverpool, and disposed of the right to a trapper last year of half the estate for \$1,375.

The principal products of the estate are oats and hay, and at present they are busy harvesting 310 Irish acres of hay, the balance being oats, pasture, and a large garden which is supplied with foliage and flowers from two acres of greenhouse, mostly under glass, containing twenty-one houses of no small dimensions. There you may wander from one tropic to another, as it were. I had the pleasure of seeing a number of carnations; the flowers would measure six inches in diameter (with a rule), and the fragrance was exquisite.

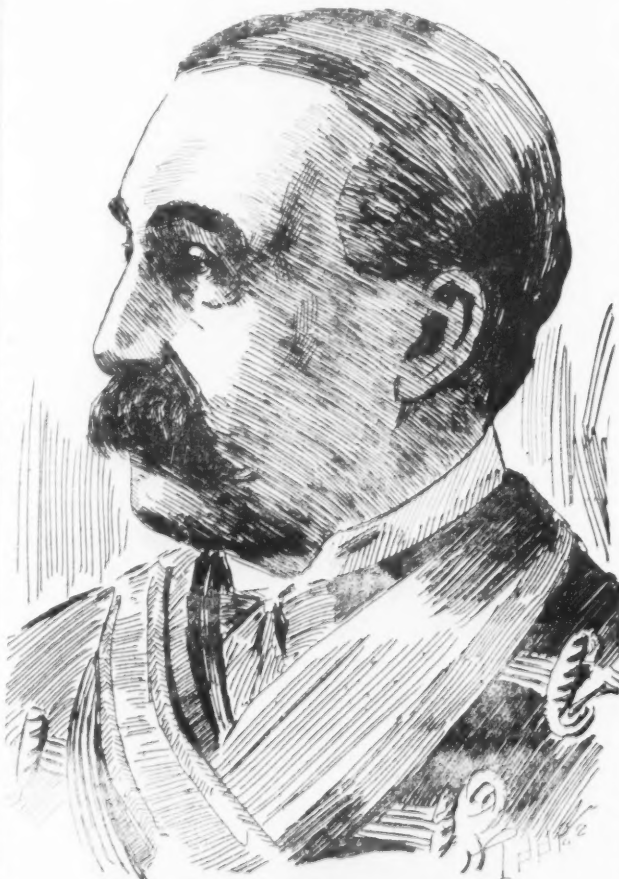
The River Liffy runs through the property, which branches near the castle, forming an island containing five acres, which, like the grounds, is carefully cultivated, has its share of pretty gravel paths, holly and ivy in profusion, and is noted for its in dense trees of great age, all of which is the result of much time and money. Many of the employees of years have not seen half of the estate.

A few words about the egg trade may be of interest to many. The United Kingdom imported last year 134,183,930 dozens of eggs from foreign countries, (including United States, which supplied 1,155,000 dozens), a total value of \$4,148,653. Canada only sent 3,687,000 dozen, value \$193,908, which is a small proportion, the greater number coming from France. If the Canadian farmer would turn his attention to the fowl yard, feed the hens properly, pen up the male birds and supply the market with unfertilized eggs, he would find it would return him a large revenue (much larger than grain if it keeps dropping much longer). The United States is an egg-buying nation and not large exporters. I may say here that England imported poultry (alive or dead) last year to the amount of \$721,911 sterling, of which Canada only supplied \$8,308. I think this could be largely improved upon. There is a growing demand for capons, which should be also cultivated. I have just returned from a trip to Cork and Blarney Castle, and may send you some notes on those places.

WILL WADDELL.

Among the reminiscences of G. W. Russell is a story which Dean Stanley told of an eminent English ecclesiastic who prided himself on his presence of mind. Said the dignitary: "A friend invited me to go out with him on the water. The sky was threatening, and I declined. At length he succeeded in persuading me and we embarked. A squall came on, the boat lurched and my friend fell overboard. Twice he sank and twice he rose to the surface. He placed his hands on the prow and endeavored to climb in. There was great apprehension lest he should upset the boat. Providentially I had brought my umbrella with me. I had the presence of mind to strike him two or three hard blows over the knuckles. He let go his hold and sank. The boat righted itself and we were saved."

Lincoln was urged from the beginning of the war to take Richmond, but talking of taking Richmond and taking Richmond were two different matters. General Scott, who was not retired until after several futile attempts had been made to take Richmond, was summoned before the President. "General Scott," said Mr. Lincoln, "will you explain how it was that you were able to take the City of Mexico in three months with five thousand men, and have been unable to take Richmond in six months with one hundred thousand men?" "Yes, I will, Mr. President," replied General Scott. "The men who took me into the City of Mexico are the same men who are keeping me out of Richmond now."



THE EARL OF MINTO.

The new Governor-General of Canada.

#### Social and Personal.

ON Monday evening the usual large and smart gathering crossed the bay or meandered across the bridge-spans lagoons to the Yacht Club, and dined and danced until the warning whistle of the Hiawatha sounded for the last time. There were several belles from a distance at the dance, and the gallant summer men saw to it that they all had a happy evening, either dancing on the very good floor, lounging on the veranda, or strolling in the grounds, where the dusky night air was tempered by cool breezes from the water. In fact, the midsummer heat prevented many from risking a rise of temperature in the dance, and, therefore, the uncomfortable crowding which occurred formerly was avoided. The committee, or probably the ever

thoughtful honorary secretary, provided some most enticing wicker arm-chairs for the chaperones, who certainly enjoy their duties more at these dances than anywhere else. A good many of the regular attendants have by this time left town for the month of August, that most trying season to many, but there are a great number of persons who, contrariwise, have come here for the summer weeks, and the attendance is thus not materially diminished. In many such series of dances one finds, after a success is assured, that the hosts are apt to rest on their oars (an appropriate aquatic term) and let the guests practically take care of themselves. This is never seen at the Yacht Club, for the same careful attention and unvarying courtesy holds out to the end of the season as begins it. This is no doubt partially because of the influx of strangers as mentioned above, but beside that, the club has a golden record and reputation to keep up, a veritable *noblesse oblige* in the matter of entertaining, and is fully alive to the obligation.

Miss Quinlan and Miss Muriel Dickson were in town on Wednesday, and returned to their cottage at Niagara by the afternoon boat. Miss Louie Jones will next week visit Miss Quinlan, and later on Miss Jones will be over for a visit from Northcote. In that charming home Mrs. Jones is enjoying a quiet and pleasant summer after a long time of travel and change abroad.

Mrs. Laughlan McFarlane, who is now living at the Rossin House, left on Monday for a summer outing.

On Wednesday evening a very large and enjoyable dinner party occupied the west veranda at Hotel Hanlan and partook of a well served repast. Among those present were: Mr. and Mrs. T. C. Patteson and the Misses Patteson, Dr. and Mrs. O'Reilly, Mr. Rupert Wells, Mr. Hammond, Mrs. Hammond, sr., Mr. J. Gordon Macdonald, Mr. Gus Burritt, and other guests to the number of over a score. Several parties were over from town, and the moonlight evenings, the very good menu and the music of the Hungarian orchestra are appreciated to the fullest extent. Mr. and Mrs. Percival Ridout, Mr. William Laidlaw, Miss Sasha Young, Mr. and Mrs. Sefton Jones, Herr Rudolf Ruth were among those I noticed in the *salle a manger* on Wednesday. A pleasant little episode was the impromptu cello solo played to the gratification of the swarthy musicians by the Toronto cellist, the most pleased of all being the white-mustached cello player of the orchestra, who is very proud of his fine instrument. The majestic strains of the Austrian national anthem, wafted through the dining-room by the touch of a master hand, made many a chattering pause and listen with surprise, and the artist's graceful courtesy was very welcome.

Mr. and Mrs. Rowan Kerland have just returned from a lovely holiday on the Atlantic Coast. "Way down in Maine" are many other Torontonians.

The Canoe Club secretary, Mr. E. J. Hathaway, informs me that a sub-committee of the club has been given charge of the canoeing events in the regatta to be held here on August 12. Eight events are on the tapis, for which entries may be made to within three days of the regatta. Singles, tandems, fours, double blade singles, tail-end race, gunwale race (single blade), tilting tournament, and war-canoe race comprise the bill of fare. The events are open to any member of a recognized aquatic club.

The Argonauts have arrived home from the regatta at Philadelphia loaded with honor and some disappointment, but a club can't expect to win everything. Many would have liked the gallant eight to have won, and as it took the judges some time to decide that such had not been the case we can take consolation in how close the finish must have been. I hear the city of brotherly love kept true such a title and used the Canacians well while there.

Mr. John Tanner has returned from a trip down the St. Lawrence to Quebec.

Miss Bessie Hees is visiting friends in Oswego. Mrs. and Miss Mitchell of St. George street are at Maplehurst, Muskoka. Professor and Mrs. Ellis and their family are at Stanley House, Muskoka, for the holidays. Mrs. James Carruthers was down for a few days from Port Sandfield and returned Thursday. Mr. Churchill Cockburn will spend August at Windermere. Miss Gunther is visiting friends in the States, and will go next month to Northcote to visit Mrs. S. H. Jones. Miss Amy Rutherford has come home from a visit to Kingston. Mr. and Mrs. Percy Rutherford are visiting at the Rutherford homestead, Jarvis street. Mr. Jack Douglas and Miss Amy Douglas are visiting Mrs. Boulton, Iver House. Miss Maude Hendrie, with her young cousins, was down this week and stopped over Wednesday at Hotel Hanlan. Mrs. John D. Hay and her little ones are at the seaside. Miss Davis of Sarnia, daughter of Rev. Thomas Davis, is visiting friends at Center Island. Mrs. and Miss Wallbridge are now at Ellesmere House. Miss Jennings and Miss Skeaff are at present touring on the St. Lawrence. Miss Tyson, niece of Mrs. Melvin-Jones, passed through Toronto on her way home this week.

A certain fair visitor on the east side has covered herself with glory. Left alone one day recently by her hostess to keep house for an hour or two at noon, she was reading, and, be it whispered, possibly dozing, in the drawing-room, when she was aroused by a stealthy footstep on the stairs. She immediately ran into the hall and confronted a tall and forbidding-looking man who had sneaked into the house by a rear entrance. The fair lady was startled, but her ire was aroused, the more so, as in the morning *deshabille* of a terribly hot day, she had not put on some very handsome and valuable rings, and was also uncomfortably aware that she had left a purse well filled with spondulies on her dressing-table. She commanded the equally startled intruder to stop, and, awed by her beauty, he did as he was ordered. The lady then made a complete and systematic search of his pockets and made him show "palms up," after which she read him a severe lecture, gave him her unbiased opinion of his ways, and told him he might leave, which, needless to relate, he at once proceeded to do. Her story of the occurrence is one of the funniest things heard in Toronto this year, and no one enjoys it more than the courageous girl. Should her example nerve her sisters to a better appreciation of their capabilities, the life of the sneak thief might not be such a merry one as at present. Two other houses were entered on the same morning in the neighborhood, but the families were both away from town, and the thief presumably thought himself safe in the third instance also.



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TORONTO.



## Social and Personal.

**THE VICOMTE FORSYTH DE FRONSAK**, descendant of the famous historian of the same name, has come to Toronto with the intention of residing in the city permanently. M. de Fronsak is a well known writer and genealogist, and his articles upon such subjects of interest as the history and descent of the old French families who settled the Maritime Provinces hundreds of years ago are perused with much pleasure by readers of *La Patrie*, the Montreal journal published in French. The Vicomte has now in mind a new scheme which will be of interest to all connections of these old families and to any English families whose name and tradition betrays the fact that they were co-arrivals with Conqueror William of martial memory on England's shores. M. de Fronsak proposes to revive a very ancient association which was originally formed under the care and patronage of Louis XIV., in the interest of our first Canadian settlers from *la belle France*. This company was called the Canadian Company. The revival is to be known as the Royal Canadian Company, and each member is to receive a certificate of membership, with the facsimile signature of Louis XIV., and the badge and seal as directed in the original charter. The objects of the revival appeal directly to the cultured and chivalrous instincts of the people. They are, as stated, to promote the study and popularity of the French language, and to develop the chivalry and the gentle manners of the old regime in a young community liable to be over-influenced to its detriment by the democratic and socialistic influences of the age and the neighboring state. M. de Fronsak is a Canadian, born in Montreal, and by no means a visionary. He believes the Royal Canadian Company—or *La Compagnie Royale du Canada*—will be a good thing, and Toronto the best place for its headquarters. At present, M. de Fronsak is *en pension* at 55 Carlton street, and will doubtless be glad of interested enquiries.

Two summer dances claimed a large patronage last Friday evening when the Commodore of the Toronto Canoe Club, Mr. C. H. Wilson, entertained his club members and their lady friends at the Canoe Club House, and also the Island A. A. A. held their fourth weekly hop, with an attendance both smart and enthusiastic, at their hall at Center Island. At the latter dance Miss Sherar of Detroit, cousin of Mr. Colin Habbott, in a perfectly unrelieved black costume and hat, was the admired one *par excellence*, and danced beautifully. A lady all in brilliant red was another very smart and admired guest. The pretty maids of Center Island and the young people from the Point were all on hand. The music and floor attained quite a standard of excellence, and the managers of these pleasant dances are receiving many compliments on all hands. This week a beautiful moon has been added to the former attractions of our summer front garden on the water, and both lines of ferries have been loaded with persons desiring fresh air and quiet enjoyment, so easy of access.

Mrs. R. S. Neville and her pretty children are at Big Bay Point, Lake Simcoe, for the holidays.

Miss Florrie Patterson is the latest of Toronto's clever girls to embrace the nurse's profession. She is to go to New York for her hospital course.

A bright woman at the Yacht Club dance on Monday was Mrs. Macle of London, England, who has been visiting Canadian friends and returned home this week. Mrs. Macle wore a pretty Dresden organdie with pale pink satin ribbons.

Mrs. Hees of Detroit was a guest at the Yacht Club on Monday, coming with her dark-eyed sister-in-law, Miss Bessie Hees, whose guest she has been for the past three weeks. One day last week Miss Hees gave a pretty pink luncheon in her honor.

Mr. Alf Rogers was down for a few days visiting friends on the Island, and was dancing with his usual enjoyment at Monday's club hop.

Mr. and Mrs. Page of Walmer road and Miss Olive Page are summering at Chautauqua.

Mrs. David A. McMichael of New York City is visiting relatives in Toronto.

These guests are registered at the Robinson House, Big Bay Point: Mrs. Walter Ferrier, Miss Dorothy Ferrier, Master Douglas Ferrier, Mrs. W. Lockhead, Mr. Grant Lockhead of London; Miss Jennie Turabull of Galt; Miss Carrie Scott of Barrie; Mr. and Mrs. J. J. Mackenzie of Toronto; Mr. M. E. King, Mr. R. S. Melbee, Mr. J. A. Smith, Mr. and Mrs. D. N. Vansickle, Mr. and Mrs. R. A. Douglas of Barrie; Mrs. T. H. Wadland, Miss A. Wadland of Hamilton; Mr. L. Caldwell, Dr. Bailey, Mr. A. W. Wilkinson, Mr. V. R. Oliver, Mr. F. Swaisland, Mr. P. C. Willett of Barrie; Mrs. R. S. Neville, Miss Allene Neville, Master M. Neville of Toronto; Mr. and Mrs. T. W. Allen, Miss Dagg of Memphis, Tenn.; Miss Katie Cushman, Miss Annie Cushman, Miss Bertha Cushman of Toronto.

Mrs. and Miss Melvin-Jones have been staying at Weisbaden and are now in Paris. A recent arrival from Germany is Miss Tyson, niece of Mrs. Melvin-Jones, who has been for five years on the Continent studying music. I am told her playing is exceedingly artistic and excellent, and lovers of music will wish for the return of the hostess of Llawhaden that her clever niece may charm them with her playing. An exquisite instrument is one of the nice things which adorn the Llawhaden drawing-room.

A noticeable guest, radiant with fun and beauty, was Miss Sasha Young at the Island dances this week. Miss Young is

enjoying her mid-summer visit to Toronto and is everywhere popular, being a highly accomplished and cultured as well as a thoroughly natural and charming girl.

The Vice-Regal tour included a stop-over at Regina and a visit to the headquarters of the Mounted Police, where Colonel Herchmer provided an escort for His Excellency. The annual games of the police were held, and a most interesting and enjoyable day was spent. The new Lieutenant-Governor of the North-West Territories, Hon. M. C. Cameron of Goderich, was present for the first time in an official capacity in his new home.

Miss Mowat has been spending a pleasant visit with Mrs. Primrose at Bonnie Doon, Collingwood. Mrs. Arthur Ross, who has been there on a fortnight's visit to Mrs. A. R. Creelman, has returned to Frewen House. Mrs. Acton Burrows and her children are having a perfectly lovely summer at Brackley Point, Prince Edward Island, the sweetest place imaginable.

Mrs. and Miss Sims of St. George street have returned. They had a very enjoyable time at Petoskey and Detroit. On August 1 they go to Muskoka for a few weeks with a party of friends.

Miss Angus of 69 Borden street, Miss Griffin of Yorkville avenue and party are doing historic Quebec and the Saguenay.

Miss Matheson of 214 Beverley street has gone to Long Branch, L.L., for the summer.

Mr. and Mrs. Stanbury Finch are holidaying at Parry Sound. Mrs. Macleod is in Muskoka for the holidays.

Mr. and Mrs. George Riddell left last Friday for a holiday at Port Sandfield, Muskoka.

Mrs. Cross and family, of Walmer road, have gone to Windermere, Muskoka, for the summer term.

The Wauhatcha Camping Club leave town this morning for their annual fishing and camping outing to the Georgian Bay district. The party will be as follows: Messrs. James Bicknell, Leo Hunt, A. J. Kappel, Joseph Gimson, J. Kerr and W. J. Gouinlock of this city, A. Bicknell of Woodstock, and Messrs. W. A. Mills and R. Blackwell of New York.

Miss Florence Cosbie is visiting in Rochester, N.Y.

Miss Mary Morrison of Remelm, Winchester street has returned to the city after a delightful visit of ten weeks with friends in Chicago and Iowa.

The following are the latest arrivals at the Peninsular Park Hotel, Big Bay Point, Lake Simcoe: Col. and Mrs. Cosby and family, Mr. and Mrs. H. E. Smallpiece, Mrs. A. Edgingham Mason, Miss Edith Mason, Miss Mack, Mr. Mark H. Irish, Mrs. Mark Irish, Miss Stuart, Mr. and Mrs. H. L. M. Weller, Master Maurice Weller, Mr. and Mrs. W. R. Wadsworth, Master Darcy Wadsworth, Mr. Geo. Stuart, Ald. and Mrs. Bowman and family, Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Kerr, Miss Kerr, Miss I. Kerr, Miss G. Kerr, Miss B. Kerr, Mr. Thos. Greene of Toronto, Mr. G. Lichel, Mrs. Geo. McPherson, Miss Louise McPherson of Montreal; Mr. Eustace Bird, Mr. A. Max Maybee, Mr. F. Norman of Barrie, Mrs. L. W. Cheever, Mrs. J. J. Scott, and family, of Hamilton, Mrs. Metcalf, Miss Metcalf of Sidney, Ohio, Capt. E. C. Lake of Chicago.

Mr. and Mrs. Oliver Macklem are at Jackson's Point. Mr. and Mrs. Reginald Capreol, Mrs. and the Misses Capreol, Mr. and Mrs. J. Lugdin, Dr. and Mrs. Oldright are also enjoying Lake Simcoe's charming shores and waters.

Mrs. Holmes of D'Arcy street is visiting her father, Mr. Cameron of Collingwood.

Mr. Alex Smith, the Liberal organizer, is on a trip to Manitoba, the Territories and British Columbia, and the Winnipeg *Tribune* alludes to him as a man "who wields perhaps as great an influence on the destinies of the Liberal party as Sir Wilfrid himself." His general appearance is thus described: "He is tall, dark and distinguished-looking. Great shocks of jet black flowing hair cover a large, well-shaped head. His face is keen, intelligent and alert, and he has a strong, well built, closely knit frame."

The Misses May and Eileen Millett are on a visit to friends in Owen Sound.

Mr. T. S. Chatterton of the Bank of Toronto has been transferred to London from Montreal.

Miss Leila Bigger of Rose avenue has returned home after spending a pleasant visit in Virginia.

At Welland, on July 20, Mr. J. A. Hetherington was united in marriage to Edith, second daughter of Mr. E. A. C. Pew of Welland. Mr. and Mrs. Hetherington are on an extended tour down the St. Lawrence, visiting all the points of interest as far east as Cacouna. The happy couple were the recipients of many handsome and useful gifts, including a substantial cheque from the Goldsmith Stock Company, and a pair of drawing-room chairs from the fellow-employees of Mr. Hetherington.

A very pretty home wedding was solemnized on Wednesday morning, July 29, at eleven o'clock, at Holmewood, Bayfield, the residence of Mr. and Mrs. T. J. Moorhouse, when their youngest daughter, Hilda Ethel, was married to William H. Jowett. About sixty guests, all relatives of the bride and groom, were present. The parlor, hall and dining-room were handsomely decorated with ferns, sweet-peas and pink roses. In the bay-window of the parlor, where the ceremony was performed by Rev. S. L. Smith, rector of Trinity church, was a bank of feathery ferns. To the strains of the Wedding March, played by Mrs. Graham Moorhouse of Saginaw, Mich., the bride, attired in

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Fifty dozen Boating and Outing Shaws in White, Blue, Gray, Pink, marked to clear at once at \$1.40, \$1.50, \$1.75, \$2, \$2.50, \$3, \$3.50, \$4, \$4.50, \$5, \$6, \$7 each.  
A special purchase of about forty dozen of Real Hand Knit Shetland Wool Shaws marked at \$1.40, \$1.50, \$1.75, \$2, \$2.50, \$3, \$3.50, \$4, \$4.50, \$5, \$6, \$7 each.

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white organdie and wearing a bridal veil caught by orange blossoms, and carrying a bouquet of white sweet-peas, came in on the arm of her father, followed by the bridesmaid, Miss Hattie Middleton, gowned in white Swiss over pale blue, carrying pink sweet-peas. They took their places by the side of the groom, who, with his brother John as best man, awaited them. After the congratulations all sat down to an elaborate breakfast. Mr. Moorhouse, father of the bride, gave a reminiscent speech scintillating with wit and ending by proposing the bride's health. The groom responded in a few well chosen words. To the toast of the bridesmaid's health the groomsmen replied happily. The presents were valuable, beautiful and numerous. The guests from a distance were: Mrs. Wright, sister of the groom, of Tottenham; Mr. Charles Roth of Brantford; Mrs. Mackid, and children, and Miss Wilson of Toronto; Mr. James Shepherd, and son, and Miss Marian Shepherd of Goderich; Mrs. W. W. Thompson, and Mr. and Mrs. W. Broadfoot of Seaford; Mr. and Mrs. Graham Moorhouse of Saginaw, Mich.; Mr. and Mrs. Edward Jennings, and son, Roy, Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Caldwell, and children, of Bay City, Mich.; Mr. and Mrs. P. C. Moorhouse, and children, of Pinnington.

At St. Stephen's church on Thursday, July 14, was celebrated the marriage of Mr. Percy James Miller of Chicago, son of Mr. James Miller of Beaconsfield avenue, and Miss Gertrude Louise Riddy, eldest daughter of Mr. Charles Riddy of the Custom House. Miss May Riddy was bridesmaid, while Mr. Allen P. Miller was groomsmen. After a dainty supper the newly-married couple left for an extended honeymoon tour before settling down in their new home in Chicago.

Mr. and Mrs. Gerhard Heintzman, the Misses Heintzman and Miss Nickel and Miss Hattie Nickel of New York have returned from Port Cockburn, Muskoka. The Misses Nickel are at present the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Heintzman.

The following are registered at the Monteth House, Muskoka: Mr. Robert Thomas, Miss Thomas, Miss Flora Brand, Thomas H. Hastings, W. F. Hastings, Morgan Smith, C. Winch, Fred Woods, Stanley Brown, Dr. C. Trow, Mrs. Nicholas, Mrs. J. W. Davis, Mrs. T. H. Bull, Joseph H. Leach of Toronto; Mrs. A. J. MacDonald of Todmorden; Mrs. A. G. Crawford of Pittsfield, Ill.; J. L. Biggs and wife, of Rochester, N.Y.; Misses Ladue of Detroit; W. Murray, John Mur-

ray, C. S. Murray of Hamilton; B. Veit, John W. Davis of New York; Charles Saunders of Barrie; Mrs. and Miss Pinch, Thomas Trow and wife, James Trow, Arthur Trow, Emerson Trow, J. A. Davidson and wife, Mrs. Roy of Stratford; C. S. Young of Boston.

Miss Manning and Mr. Oscar Manning are enjoying a month's rustication at Mount Wolfe, where they are visiting relatives.

The many friends of Mr. J. B. Perry and his family in the west end will be sorry they are about to leave Parkdale. Since selling his residence in Dowling avenue Mr. Perry has secured a pretty villa in Bedford road, to which they will remove in August.

Mr. B. Travers Britt of Detroit, Mich., is visiting in town, the guest of his sister, Mrs. Charles Lugdin of Euclid avenue.

Dr. C. R. Dickson of 290 Sherbourne street left on Thursday of last week for New York to preside at a meeting of the executive council of the American Electro-Therapeutic Association, of which he is president. From New York the doctor will go to the seashore for a short stay, then to the Thousand Islands, reaching Quebec in time for the annual meeting of the Canadian Medical Association on August 17.

## Society at the Capital.

The usual weekly hop at the Hotel Victoria, Aylmer, came off on Saturday evening, and was, if anything, even more enjoyable than any of its predecessors. Dancing was held in the big dining-room, the music being supplied by an orchestra. So delightful was the evening that, while many "tripped the light fantastic," the greater number of people chose to sit in cosy arm-chairs on the wide veranda.

Lieut.-Col. Tyrwhitt, M.P., and Miss Tyrwhitt passed through town last week on their way to St. John, N.B., where they are to visit Mr. Hazen. Lieut.-Col. Tyrwhitt's health, although not as satisfactory as could be desired, is still greatly improved.

Miss Clemow left on Thursday for Old Orchard, where she will spend the remainder of the summer.

Capt. Maclean, formerly A.D.C. to General Gascoigne, has been appointed to the Royal Regiment Canadian Infantry, with headquarters at Stanley Barracks, Toronto. Both in a social and military way Ottawa's loss will be Toronto's gain.

Mr. Vivian Brown-Wallis, one of the most popular members of our *jeunesse doree*, left on Monday for Toronto, where he will visit Mrs. Sommerville.

Sir Henri Joly and Lady Joly, who have been on a visit to their married daughter in England, sailed for home from Liverpool on Thursday.

Mr. Leopold Meyer of Brussels, president of the Grand Calumet Mining Co., arrived in town on Monday. Mr. Meyer has rented the house in Cooper street formerly occupied by Mrs. Cambie.

Miss Florrie Costin leaves next week for New Brunswick, where she will visit Senator and Mrs. Temple.

Mr. Bergeron, M.P., and Madame Bergeron, who are so popular in Ottawa society, left on Thursday for a tour through the Maritime Provinces.

Mrs. R. W. Scott, wife of the Secretary of State, is in Iroquois on a visit to her daughter, Mrs. G. E. Desharats, one of last spring's brides.

Miss Ritchie is in Toronto, the guest at Stanley Barracks of Mrs. Young, wife of Major Young, who is with the Klondike contingent.

Mrs. Rivers, wife of Major Rivers of the Militia Department, with her little ones, is in Kingston staying with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Gildersleeve.

Mr. Edward Scott of Chicago, a brother of the Secretary of State, has joined Mrs. Scott at the Russell House.

Dr. and Mrs. Powell left on Saturday for that delightful fishing retreat, Echo Beach.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles O'Connor, with Miss Hughes of Toronto, who is their guest, are spending the next few weeks at the Hotel Victoria, Aylmer.

Mr. Bertram, M.P., and Mrs. Bertram of Toronto were in town for a short time last week at the Russell House.

Mr. W. E. Philpotts, manager of the Bank of British North America, Mrs. Philpotts and Miss Annie Moylan sailed on Saturday from Montreal for Liverpool. September will be nearing its close before the Capital sees these three popular Ottawans home again.

Miss Morna Brown-Wallis, who came in for so much admiration during her visit to Toronto last autumn, leaves this week for Halifax, where she will be the guest of Captain and Mrs. Dickinson.

Ottawa, July 29, 1898.

"What articles should the new-comers bring with them?" was the question put to an experienced Manitoban who was asked to offer words of advice to intending settlers. The reply was brief and to the point: "Cash—because there is no freight on it!"—*Canadian Gazette*.

Doctor (to Gilbert, aged four)—Put your tongue out, dear. Little Gilbert protruded the tip of his tongue. Doctor—No, no, put it right out. The little fellow shook his head weakly, and the tears gathered in his eyes: "I can't, doctor; it's fastened on to me."—*Exchange*.

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# The Voice on the Stairs

BY "RITA."

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"THEN it's not true, Molly?"

"No, darlin'. Don't ye be payin' any heed to sich stories. Thru is it? Haven't I been here at Ranfurly since I was the height of yerself? Don't I remember yer gran'father, ould Sir Lucius? Ah, 'twas he was the fine gentleman wid an oath always handy, and the masterful way wid him—for he couldn't hear contradiction—and for the matter of that, no more can yer own father. I nursed him and Mister Standish, and I was here when yer mother came as a bride, and I had ye in my arms when ye was born, and as I could ye before, niver a sight nor a sound as any ghosts, and being so long in the family they'd have been payin' their respects to meself before this if they'd have had any sort as decent manners at all at all."

"It's not a ghost, it's a voice," persisted the child. "And Gallagher was telling me about it. It's a whisper she says comes down the long corridor, and it's a warning to the person who hears it, and if they don't heed it something dreadful happens to them."

"Well, that's a mighty sensible ghost I'm thinkin'," said Molly Magrath. "For people generally do come to grief, darlin', when they disregard warnings—if so be the warning is sensible at all. So maybe Mary Gallagher had some truth on her tongue for once. But there—come and sit down and have yer tea, child, and don't be worritin' yer pretty head wid ghosts and thim sort."

The child drew near to the tea-table. She was a small, pale slip of a creature, with a frightened look in her soft blue eyes, and that shrinking, nervous manner which is in itself an advertisement of unhappy childhood.

And Maureen O'Farrell was unhappy with that hopeless unhappiness which is the outcome of crushed feelings, tyrannous usage and general misunderstanding. She was the only child of two singularly unsuited parents, and had lived in an atmosphere of storms and disagreements ever since she could remember.

Her mother was a beautiful woman, high-spirited, passionate and reckless, who had married a man much older than herself for sake of his wealth and position. She found herself in the power of a tyrant, the victim of incessant jealousy, and the butt of a temper alternately cynical and morose.

When, after three years of this life, she gave birth to a daughter instead of an heir, she had filled the cup of her offending.

The O'Farrell property would have to pass to a brother of Sir Lucius, whom he hated and had quarreled with years before. He brooded over this fact until he had magnified it into a wrong jointly committed by mother and child. Poor little Maureen grew up in the shadow of fear. Her mother cared little for her, her father was only an object of terror to her young mind, and her only friend and comforter was her old nurse, Molly Magrath, to whom her troubles were always confided, and who tended and cared for her with all her honest, loving heart.

Still it was a sad life and a lonely one for the child. Ranfurly, her father's property, was situated in a wild and desolate part of the west coast of Ireland. The house itself was old and gloomy, and she used to creep about the great rooms like an uneasy spirit, afraid of the rustling hangings at the windows, of the shadows lurking in the deep recesses, afraid most of all of the great corridor to which the famous oak staircase led—a vast space ill-lighted and full of mysterious corners, and hung with ancient family pictures whose gloomy faces and strange fixed eyes used to terrify the little girl as she flitted by on her way to the nursery, where alone were light and air and brightness to be found.

On this evening when she had finished her tea, Maureen drew her own little chair up to the bright fire, and sat there leaning her fair head against her nurse's knees and listening to her kindly chatter.

"Molly," said the child at last. "Why doesn't Uncle Standish ever come here now?"

"Faix, darlin', it isn't for the likes of me to be giving reasons for family quarrels."

"There was a quarrel I know," continued the child. "I heard my father speaking about it to day, and mamma got so pale and looked so angry."

"Did they say anything about yer cousin Molly to the party, darlin'?" asked Molly. "I've got yer white silk frock ready for ye in case ye might be wantin' it."

Maureen shook her head. "No," she said. "I'm sure they don't wish me to come down. And indeed I'd rather be here, Molly."

The old woman stroked her fair hair

silently, and they both sat gazing into the fire and listening to the rising wind as it sighed and wailed around the gloomy house.

"'Twill be a wild night for the party," said Molly at last. "Not that the quality care for a thrille of bad weather in these parts. Ye was sayin' about yer uncle, darlin'. I did hear some talk as his coming to night. But perhaps yer mamma told ye?"

"No," she said. "nothing. Is he really coming, Molly?"

"I couldn't say for sartin, darlin', but there must be somethin' in it, as the red room has been got ready, an' 'twas always his room. It's many a long year since he set foot in Ranfurly. Ah! 'tis he has the kind heart, as iveryone knows—maybe a bit too soft where the ladies is concerned."

She stopped abruptly, remembering the keen, young ears strained for her incau-

tious words.

"Oh, I do hope he will come," exclaimed Maureen. "Do you think he will ask to see me, Molly? Surely mamma wouldn't mind—and yet—"

Her eyes contracted—and a little puzzled frown drew her smooth brows together. She was trying to remember something—some words that in that stormy encounter between her parents had flashed like steel from its scabbard and struck her mother pale and dumb.

"If it were Standish, and he were in my place! Do you fancy I am blind, my lady, because I don't choose to see? Yet—"

And then she had slipped away and left them.

What had the words meant? Did her mother really wish the younger brother were in the place of the elder? Owner and master of Ranfurly—one beloved where the one was hated. One respected where the other was only feared?

"'Twill be a grand party intirely," continued Molly presently. "Twenty-four to dinner at last. An' wasn't I lookin' at yer mother's diminds this very mornin' an' thim sparklin' that lovely on the satin as her gown."

"I wish I could see her," said Maureen wistfully.

"Well, and why not?" said Molly coolly. "You've only to stand at the corner where the corridor turns and ye'll see her come out as her room an' go down the staircase. Ah! 'tis she is the beautiful creature whin she's dressed, an' wid the jules on her white neck as grand as any quane, God bless her!"

"But that corner is always so dark," said the child, with a little shudder.

"An' what av that? Who's goin' to hurt ye, dark or no? There's no place ye'll see her so well, barrin' the dining-room it self; and ye say they've not axed ye to go in at all?"

Maureen shook her fair head. Then suddenly she rose and leant her arms on Molly's lap, her little wistful face upturned to the only one that had ever shone with love and tenderness for her.

"I wish, Molly," she said, "I was a woman."

"Oh, darlin', don't be wishin' any sich a thing at all. 'Tis a power av sorrow they've to bear, an' wake craytures at the best. Meself, I niver troubled me head about the boys. There niver was one I'd be talkin' to the whole country round. There was Andy Boyle as was throwin' an eye at me once," she went on reflectively, "but devil a bit av use. An' a poor husband he'd have made, seein' 'tis three times in gaol he's been since Christmas. I mind once his arm was 'round me waist, but I up an' jumps out av the place afore I iver got any further! But there, darlin', don't ye be thinkin' on thim subjects, for swate hearts are poor things an' not worth the havin' whin we've got thim. Not that the girls believe it; an' niver a one in the parish but has her heart set on a wine-colored cashmere to be married in, an' lets the first man as comes along put the 'comeder' on her. An' what's the end av it? Living on the clippings av tin, as likes as not, for want av a look round the corner instead av a jump in the dark."

The child sighed and slipped down again on the rug by Molly's side.

"Two hours yet before the quality will be arrivin'," remarked Molly, presently. "And me lady will be wantin' me to help her dress in an hour. It's a shame Sir Lucius doesn't let her have her own maid, not that there'd be much for a maid to do, an' thim stuck up foreign maddams wudn't live a month in a place like this, for the mistress tried kapin' one whin she first married, an' niver a one wud stay."

"Mamma goes out very seldom," said the child.

"Thru for ye, darlin', an' 'tis mighty rare to have any entertainin' here either. Sorra a bit av a party here I seen for these eight months till to-night. Whist! what a night too! The wind's moanin' 'round the place like a laygon av banshees!"

"Perhaps," said Maureen, "the people won't come, Molly."

"Oh, they'll come, darlin', fast enough. There's not too much diversion in these parts at the best av times, an' weather's not likely to stop it whin there's a chance av any."

"I should like to see them," said Maureen wistfully. "Will all the ladies be as beautiful as mamma?"

"A beautiful, is it? Faith no! 'Twould be hard to bate her, agna. Not that she's the same woman she was ten years ago, but time and trouble, darlin', have a dale to answer for wid us women. But there—don't be lookin' so solemn, child. It's nothing to do wid ye. Now git yer doll or yer books an' play here till I come back to ye. An' mind, if ye want to have a sight of yer mother jist go down to the corridor an' wait under the big picture where the turn is to the staircase, an' ye'll see her beautiful. An' don't ye be thinkin' av ghosts an' sich like, for they're baint no sich things, barrin' a banshee or so as comes to visit the real ginty. Now ye won't be lonesome, will ye?"

"Oh, no," said the child cheerfully, as she took her doll from its cradle and then went over to her favorite shelf of fairy tales to select a volume.

She seated herself once more by the fire and became absorbed in the sad adventures of The Little Mermaid. She did not know how long or short a time had passed, when the door opened quietly and someone came into the room. She glanced up, thinking it must be Molly, but to her surprise it was a stranger—a man middle-aged, but strikingly handsome, with a kindly smile on his lips as he met her startled eyes.

"Why, Maureen," he said, "little Maureen. Don't you know me?"

She rose to her feet, shy and wondering. "No," she said. "Who are you?"

"I am your Uncle Standish," he answered. "I thought I would like to see my little friend again, for we were great friends, Maureen, the last time I was here. Let me see, that was four—no, five years ago. You are ten years old now, are you not?"

"Ten years to-day," said the child.

No one had remembered her birthday save only her faithful old nurse, Molly. No good wishes or presents had celebrated it for her.

"I knew that," said her uncle, smiling. "And if you will come here and give me a kiss and say, 'How do you do, Uncle Standish?' I will show you a little present I have here for you."

There was no resisting that kindly voice and face. The little girl forgot her shyness and went over as he had asked. It seemed strange that he had remembered what her own parents had ignored. He bent down to the little pale face and kissed it.

"May you have many more birthdays, little one," he said; "and may each be happier than the last. And now here is your present."

He took a small case from his pocket, and opening it revealed a locket, with her monogram in pearls, and suspended from a fine gold chain.

The child gave a cry of rapture. It seemed to her the loveliest thing she had ever seen. She could scarcely believe it was meant for her, even when her uncle uncoiled the chain and fastened it around her neck.

"Oh, how good of you to think of me," she cried. "No one else did—except Molly."

"And your mother, surely?" he said.

The child shook her fair head. "No, I think she forgot," she said, simply. "Perhaps it was because of the party to-night. I suppose that is why you came," she added, gravely.

An odd expression shadowed Standish O'Farrell's expressive face.

"Yes," he said, "that is why I came. And I remembered it was your birthday. And I thought you would come down to dinner also."

She glanced down at her simple frock and childish pinafore.

"Oh, no," she said. "They would not let me do that."

"Not even to dessert?" he said.

"Perhaps if I spoke to your father—"

Some remembrance of the scene of the morning flashed across the child's brain. "Oh, please do not," she cried entreatingly. "They—I mean father—would only be angry, and I am much happier here."

He saw she was in earnest, almost painfully so, and ceased to press the point.

"Well, come and sit on my knee and talk to me," he said cheerfully, and took Molly Magrath's big easy-chair and drew Maureen towards him.

She had quite got over her shyness now, and sprang lightly on his knee and began to talk to him in her quaint, old-fashioned way in answer to his questions.

They were laughing together over some story he was telling when again the door opened and Maureen, to her amazement, saw her mother enter the nursery. It was altogether so unusual a proceeding on the part of Lady O'Farrell that the child stared at her in speechless surprise.

Her hair was dressed, but she had only thrown on a loose sort of wrapper, through whose sheeny silken folds her neck and arms and the beautiful contour of her figure were plainly visible. Her cheeks were brightly flushed, and her eyes shone like stars. To the child she was as ever—the embodiment of all feminine loveliness.

The man looked at her with sad, grave eyes, in which reluctant admiration showed itself.

He put the child down, and they advanced and shook hands.

"You found your way here, then?" she said in a low voice. "I have only just heard you had arrived."

She took no more notice of the child than if she had been a block of wood; only beckoned him aside to the window and kept him there for a few moments in earnest conversation.

Maureen wondered what they were talking about. She only caught stray words here and there. It seemed as if her mother were urging something to which her uncle objected; but he pleaded vainly against her urgent persuasion, and one by one she combated his arguments, until, half-reluctantly, he gave the promise she demanded.

"I tell you," she said at last, "it is life or death. I must have the money, and this is the only way. At least they are worth £10,000. Live here a day longer I cannot—I will not!"

He gave a warning glance in Maureen's direction, but the child had taken up her book, and was paying no attention to them.

A brief time longer Lady O'Farrell lingered talking in the same subdued whispers; then declaring that she would scarcely have time to dress, she hurried away, only nodding carelessly to the little girl as she passed her.

It seemed to Maureen that a change came over her Uncle Standish. His face lost its genial smile, his eyes looked sombre and uneasy. He no longer laughed and chattered to her, but stood with his elbow on the mantelpiece, gazing into the bright fire.

The child's fine tact kept her from disturbing him. She had been well schooled in self-suppression.

After a while he seemed to remember her presence, and once more began to talk to her. But the chain was snapped. It was an effort to him instead of an amusement, and very soon he bade her good-night to go to his room to dress for dinner.

"I am staying the night here, you know," he said. "So I shall see you again."

He bent down and kissed her, and then stood for a moment, his hand on her head, looking sadly at the fair hair and the little wistful face.

"Ah, why weren't you a boy, Maureen?"

he said sadly. "And my enemy instead of your father's?"

Then he went away. It was well that neither of them knew what would have happened in that ill-fated household before they met again.

Maureen grew more and more restless as the time went on. At last she decided she would go down to the long corridor and endeavor to see her mother as she passed in her bravery of satin and jewels to the reception rooms below.

She stole down the stairs as the clock pointed to five minutes before the hour, and made her way to the corner of which Molly had spoken. It was certainly obscure enough to shelter her, for the corridor was always ill-lit, and even to-night proved no exception.

She had scarcely taken up her position when the door of her mother's dressing-room opened and she came out. The child looked at her in breathless awe. A vision so lovely seemed to her almost unnatural. Her gown of white satin trailed behind her; diamonds glistened on her white throat and arms. She passed along like a queen in her beauty, and began to descend the stairs.

Suddenly it seemed to the child that a cold wind swept through the gloomy corridor. It sighed past her like a living voice, and in its mournful passage a strange sound wailed out, and then died into the silence. Was it fancy, or had a word really sounded? The child felt as if an icy hand had seized her in its grip. She had no power to move or speak.

Suddenly her mother's voice broke sharply and yet with a thrill of fear in its clear notes across the stillness.

"Who spoke?" it said, and she halted and stood looking up the stairs she had descended, one hand on the oaken balustrade, the light falling on her pale and startled face.

There was no answer.

She stood as if expectant, then turned again and went on down the broad stairs, the satin of her gown rustling faintly as she moved.

Maureen scarcely waited for that trailing echo to cease ere with a low cry she dashed from her hiding-place and into the dressing-room where Molly stood putting away the odds and ends of her mistress's completed toilette.

"Saints and angel, child! what's the matter, at all?" she exclaimed, as Maureen flew to her, crying and trembling in sheer bodily terror.

But the child was almost speechless, and it took all the old woman's powers of soothing and soothing combined to calm her into her old self again.

"There is a voice, Molly," she cried, and that was all she would say. "There is a voice. I heard it, and mother heard it as she passed down the stairs."

"A voice, accush!—and the old woman crossed herself hurriedly. "Och, shure, it's dramin' ye are. 'Tis the wind howlin'—didn't I hear it meself?"

But Maureen only shook her head and maintained that not only had she heard the strange whisper, but her mother must also have done so, for she had paused and turned to call up the stairs, and asked who had spoken.

Molly Magrath ceased to argue the point; she bustled about, tidying the room, and then made up the fire and took the child back to her nursery.

But even when she was undressed and safe in her own little bed, Maureen could not sleep. She started at the slightest sound, and grew more feverish and restless as the night wore on. To please Maureen, Molly left the night-lamp burning when she went to her own bed in the adjoining room, and, bidding the child shut her eyes and try to sleep, she set herself to follow her own advice.

The sound of carriage wheels died away at last. The silence of night descended on the house. Still Maureen lay there wide awake, her eyes staring at the light, her brain filled with a thousand strange and troubling fancies. The very stillness of the room became oppressive. The sighing of the wind had grown stifled as the gale died away.

The sound of a clock striking in the distance reached the child's ears. One—two—It was two o'clock in the morning. She longed to sleep; she drew the clothes over her head and lay quite still, as she had been taught to do when quite a little thing. A lulling calm began to steal over her excited brain. Its unnatural activity ceased to torment her. She seemed to be slowly drifting away on a dark sea, and thought for a time was extinguished by the torpor of sleep.

Whether hours or moments had passed she could not tell, but suddenly she started up wide awake, feeling as if the low, muffled shriek she had heard was still ringing in her ears.

All was silent. The room was half in shadow, the fire had died out, the lamp was but a feeble glimmer of exhausted light. An impulse overpowering and forcible made her spring from her bed and rush to the door. Outside all was darkness, but a gleam of moonlight fell through the uncurtained window of the landing-place and sent a milky track wandering along the head of the staircase. She crept along that track led by some dim instinct. The fantastic tumult in her brain had grown suddenly calm, all fear had left her, she only felt that she must go on and down to the long corridor. It was from there the shriek had ascended.

Step by step, one small cold hand clinging to the balustrade, her eyes wide and strained, guided only by the quivering line of moonlight, she made her way downwards.

The corridor was dark and full of shadows. One solitary lamp was flickering on a bracket. There was no other light. But it seemed to Maureen as if external illumination could have shown her no more than she felt she saw—a white figure lying still and silent at the head of the great staircase.

Horror seized the child as she gazed down at the bloodless face, the staring eyes transfixed by terror unutterable, the parted lips and gleaming ivory teeth. She

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crouched down beside the motionless form, and her hands touched the still warm body, but it was growing momentarily more stiff and rigid. Maureen started up and screamed aloud. In a moment doors were opened, lights flashing—all was confusion and dismay. She remembered no more.

The silence of desolation and ill-repute had descended in Ranfurly House. The tragic death of Lady O'Farrell had never been quite satisfactorily explained. To those who had seen her at her dinner-table that night, lovely, joyous, radiant with health and life, it seemed altogether horrible to think that a few hours later she had been found murdered in her own house.

Robbery was supposed to have been the motive of the crime, for her diamonds were gone, and no trace of them had ever been discovered. The robber must have been secreted in the house; an easy matter enough on that night when doors and windows were open in all directions, and so many strange servants about that an unfamiliar face would have excited no remark.

At the inquest nothing was discovered in the way of a clue, and the usual verdict, "Murder by some person unknown," ended the mystery of that tragic night.

Standish O'Farrell never crossed his brother's threshold, never was seen to speak to him again from that hour. As soon as the funeral and investigations were over Sir Lucius shut up the house, leaving only three or four old servants to take care of it, sent Maureen to a school, and went abroad. Eight years afterwards he was found dead in his bed in a third-rate hotel in Paris, where he had been living.

Death was certified as due to heart complaint, accelerated by fast living and abuse of stimulants. After his death his brother, Sir Standish, succeeded to the property and came to live at Ranfurly.

Maureen was now eighteen. A beautiful girl with a face of intense melancholy and eyes that seemed almost to hold some haunting terror in their depths.

Her uncle removed her from school as soon as the house had been put into order, and she came to live at her old home again.

Life there was one rather to foster than banish melancholy. Her uncle had aged wonderfully in these few years. His hair was quite white, his erect figure had become bowed and feeble, his genial face and pleasant smile had given place to an expression of all-absorbing sorrow.

People talked and wondered and shook their heads and murmured of uncanny deeds and an evil fate attending the O'Farrell family.

It was certainly no place and no life for a young girl, and Maureen grew pale and shadowy and silent. The spirit of some strange doom seemed forever brooding about the silent rooms and dusky corridors of the grim old mansion.

In her own old corner of the nursery sat Molly Magrath, an ancient crone now of seventy-six, forever telling her beads and crooning old stories to an imaginary child. Her brain had never quite recovered the shock of that awful night when her nursing's screams had summoned her from her bed and she had found her mistress lying stark and stiff in the long corridor with the imprint of cruel fingers on her bare white throat, the life choked out of her by some ruthless hand, and the child lying in a dead faint beside her.

Sometimes Maureen tried to get her to talk of that night, but it was only foolish

bubble, and the mystery seemed destined to remain forever a mystery.

Everyone evaded the subject. Her uncle would never speak of it. The servants had all left except Molly. In vain Maureen sought for clue or begged for enlightenment. Even the newspapers containing an account of the tragedy had been kept from her, and at this late hour it seemed hopeless to get copies anywhere. And yet day by day, as she lived her ordinary life and went about her ordinary occupations, Maureen felt that the mystery of her mother's fate was becoming a haunting spectre to her. It met her in a thousand memories of her

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unloved and unhappy childhood, it haunted the rooms that her mother had occupied, above all it haunted the long corridor with its gloomy corners and its rows of dismal portraits.

She never passed through it but she seemed to see that queenly figure descending the broad staircase, the diamonds flashing on her white throat and in her beautiful hair. And all that grace and brilliancy and beauty had been ruthlessly crushed out of her in one moment of murderous rapacity!

It seemed awful to think of, and yet she could not but think of it. She believed now in the legend of the warning voice, believed that it had indeed breathed its fatal message to her mother's ear. What deed had she contemplated when that prophetic "Don't" wailed like a wailing wind through the silent corridor and arrested her step?

Oh, if she had listened—if she had believed!

Maureen had lived a year with her uncle, and every day and month of that year had only meant an increase of dreariness and melancholy for both.

One evening he had retired to the library as usual, and she was sitting reading a book in the room she had fitted up and chosen for her own use. Suddenly she remembered that she had left a notebook in which she had made entries and extracts from her favorite authors in the library that afternoon, where she had been reading some of Shelley's poems. She rose at once, and ran lightly down the stairs and entered the room. Her uncle was standing before an old-fashioned escritoire, looking into an open drawer. So absorbed was he that he did not seem to hear the girl's entrance.

Wondering what kept him so still she crossed the floor and looked over his shoulder.

In a moment he had crashed to the drawer in nervous haste, and turned and faced her angrily.

"How dare you steal on me like that?" he cried.

The girl shrank back alarmed at his anger, especially for so slight a cause.

She excused herself, and explained that she had come for her note-book, and having found it, left the room. But when she had closed the door she sank at the foot of the staircase, white and terrified. Ere the drawer shut she had caught the glimmer of diamonds—a mass of diamonds gleaming and sparkling under the lamp rays even as the ill-omened jewels on that fatal night.

Could they be the same?

Had her mother been murdered, not for sake of robbery after all?

She remembered one jewel—a star with an opal center and five great points of light. Surely it was that same star she had just seen!

She rose and stumbled confusedly up the stairs and went to her own bed-room. Her mind was made up. She would see that drawer by fair means or foul—see if her suspicions were correct, and then—her thoughts traveled no further. The goal of her discovery was her limit.

Time passed on, and she heard doors closed and barred, and then her uncle's step passing to his room. She fancied he paused before her door, but she had blown out her light, and after listening a moment he passed on. She shuddered as the last echo died away. The horror of her own suspicions was maddening.

She waited on and on. It was past midnight. Then she took up her candle and softly opened her door. Darkness everywhere. Nothing stirring in the whole house but herself.

Softly and swiftly she passed along. She reached the top of the staircase. She laid one hand on the balustrade and began to descend. Suddenly a cold wind rustled by, seeming to chill her very life with its freezing breath. She stopped, and there facing her in the dark below was the white figure and lovely face of her mother. She caught the sheen of satin from the trailing gown. She saw her hand raised to her bare white throat. Then like a flash the form was gone, and on her ear sighed the wailing voice, "Don't!" it whispered, and all was dark and silent once again.

Maureen stood like a figure of stone, clinging passively to the balustrade, but incapable of speech or movement.

Should she heed the warning? Should she return and leave suspicion unverified? Gradually the frozen blood grew warmer; her heart ceased to throb so wildly. She told herself she had but fancied this scene, and moved slowly down the stairs once more.

She entered the library. How cold and dark and gloomy it looked. Before her was the old escritoire, and on it stood two tall silver candlesticks. She lit them and then surveyed the drawers, and marveled how she was to open them without keys. Her eyes fell on the desk of the escritoire; she tried it and found it was unlocked. She lifted the lid, and saw lying in a corner a quaint old key.

Seizing it she tried with feverish fingers the drawer she had seen open. It opened at once. She looked in. It was empty. Thinking she might have mistaken the drawer she tried another, but the key would not turn the lock. Impatient and angered at her failure she returned to the first one, and jerked it open so roughly that it came out of its place altogether. Actuated by some inexplicable impulse she stooped and peered into the empty aperture. Lying far back she caught sight of a folded paper. In another moment it was in her hand.

The writing was unknown, but to her amazement she saw it was addressed to herself as follows:

"To be given to my daughter Maureen O'Farrell by my brother, Standish O'Farrell, at such period of her life as he may deem best."

She sank down on the nearest chair and began to read. The letter was brief, but every word seemed to sear and blister her young heart with horror.

"I shall be in my grave when your eyes read this confession," it ran. "Maureen, I murdered your mother. I murdered her

because I was mad with jealousy and suspicion; because I thought she loved my brother; because I heard her planning to leave me, and caught her in the act of giving him her diamonds. I thought it meant the pledge of guilt; only too late I learned that I had wronged both. I fled the place in horror of my deed and of myself. He, my brother, kept my secret. Sometimes I wish he had not—that he had given me to the fate I deserved. And you, Maureen—must I confess it?—you are a murderer's child. You—"

She read no more. With one exceeding bitter cry she fell face forwards on the floor, her forehead striking the sharp corner of the table, and the blood streaming from the wound on her white gown.

So Sir Standish found her, to his unspeakable horror, when he entered the library next morning.

He had removed the diamonds, intending to have them re-set and give them to her on her twentieth birthday. Alas! there was no twentieth birthday in store for poor Maureen.

She lay in the old churchyard beside her ill-fated mother long before that day had dawned.

[THE END.]

## Nearly Discouraged.

**The Experience of Mr. Ralph Giherson, Who Suffered Greatly From General Debility.**

From the *Advertiser*, Hartland, N.B.

Ralph Giherson, postmaster at Monquart, Carleton county, N.B., is also known as a prosperous agriculturist and an enthusiast in his line. Now stalwart and rugged, weighing two hundred and fifty pounds, he scarce would be recognized as the man who six months ago was the picture of one suffering the terrible symptoms of general debility. He was run down in health, suffered much from dizziness, almost blindness, general dullness, and depression of spirits. He had a poor appetite, and such food as he ate gave him great distress. He was incapacitated for the work that fell upon him and was well nigh utterly discouraged. The symptoms bordered on those by which hypochondria is manifested. Through reading the *Advertiser* he learned of the particular benefit that several of his friends in his vicinity had received by the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and by the hope held out by their testimonials he secured a supply and took them according to directions. The result was almost magical; immediately his symptoms began to become less disagreeable, and he steadily gained until now he is perfectly free from his old troubles. He gladly and freely gives this testimonial, that all who may read it may know the remedy if ever they are troubled with general debility.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills cure by going to the root of the disease. They renew and build up the blood, and strengthen the nerves, thus driving disease from the system. The genuine can only be had in boxes, the wrapper around which bears the full trade-mark, "Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People."

## A Great Prince.

The Outlook.

**T**HE MYOSAH of Kengkham was crossing the river. His subjects awaited him on the other side. On the raft that bore him were huddled his army of thirty men, volunteers in the royal service, who were content to eat the king's meat and follow in his train. The band squatted in the bows. The Myosah himself was surrounded by the retainers of his household. His pony, resplendent in its golden trappings, stood beside him, unmoved by all his pomp.

The mere globe-trotter sat on the zayat steps by the riverside waiting events. The raft was so near now, he could see the band quite plainly. It had opened a little red betel box, and was shaving the precious nut carefully with its metal pinners, preparatory to another chew.

The Myosah, his army and the officers of state were entrusted to one rude barge, merely a platform of bamboo roughly lashed to two hollowed tree trunks. Even the exchequer was endangered, for he was returning from his annual tour, and carried with him the revenue of the whole state. How the hearts of the subjects on the bank must have beat!

Now the ferry has reached the shore in safety. The band is the first to disembark; its only instrument, a brazen gong, strikes a note to signify the home-coming. The army follows; thirty stalwart Shans, in various stages of undress, squat in a circle on the ground; each is armed with an antique muzzle-loading Tower rifle. Next the Myosah's pony leaps from the raft with all the *savoir-faire* of a circus horse. Last of all the Myosah himself struts forward with an easy swagger to meet the Englishman.

He is a thin, spare, delicate little figure, who stands no higher than four feet ten in his shoes, and looks as if a puff from one of his men would blow him over. The shoes he commits to the keeping of the groom of the bed-chamber.

The Englishman alone is unacquainted with the Court etiquette. His interpreter comes to the rescue.

"Shake hands, sir! all Shan Sawbwas much like shake hands." The Englishman shook hands.

The Myosah enquired what happy fortune had brought the illustrious stranger to his land. The Englishman answered that he had left his country to travel around the world, and had first turned his steps to the kingdom of Kengkham.

The Prince bowed a graceful acknowledgment to the compliment, and asked the Englishman whether he intended to visit his neighbor, the Sawbwa of Kengkung.

The Englishman replied that having seen the fairest city of the Shans, he would go no further. On the way home he might visit Mandalay, and afterwards perhaps the Empire of India.

The Prince smiled; he knew there was more in the white man's words than the empty flattery of an Oriental Court. For

a moment his eye rested lovingly on the beautiful Nam Pang River, whose blue and green waters flowed by the village where he was born. Above, the stream was islanded and broken into a thousand little cataraacts of white foam. Below, it sped silently through the flowering forests where the crimson cotton tree mingled its gorgeous blossoms with the creamy white Bauhinia, and the rocks were crowned with a luxuriant lilac creeper that caught and held the golden lights of the setting sun. Surely, thought Myosah, the flowers are gayer, the palms taller, the pagodas richer, and the women fairer at Kengkham than anywhere else.

The Englishman was the first to break the silence. "Are you fond of traveling?" he said.

"The business of my kingdom is too great," replied Myosah. "I should dearly like to go to Mone over the mountains there. Perhaps some day I may be able. Who knows?"

"You live in such a beautiful place, I wonder you can ever make up your mind to go away," said the Englishman; and then, as an afterthought, "We should be deeply honored to see the Myosah of Kengkham at our Court in England." This, with a wave of the hand, proffering a regal invitation.

"But my kingdom?" objected the Myosah.

"Our Prince finds time—" began the Englishman; but the interpreter interrupted him.

"No, sir, don't say that. Sawbwa will be very angry." Why the Sawbwa should be angry the globe-trotter was never able to find out.

Darkness was gathering on the village. On the other side of the wooden palisade that guards the Royal compound in Kengkham, the Myosah's wives were waiting his embrace. He had been long away.

And so the representatives of two nations parted.

The Myosah presented the Englishman with three cocoanuts, a bunch of plantains, and some sweet oil.

His Highness was graciously pleased to accept a box of cabin biscuits from the stranger, and a few empty twelve-bore cartridges.

Then the band got up. The gong sounded; the groom of the bed-chamber put the Myosah's shoes on his feet; the army rose; and the procession passed away into the shadow of the mango trees.

## Women and Literature.

"What I most disapprove of along the lines of unconventional occupation for women is the modern erotic school of fiction," said Mrs. Robert Louis Stevenson in a recent interview. "That is an arena women should not enter. In point of fact, I see no reason for the existence of the modern, analytical school of fiction."

"Do you mean the Superfluous Woman, Yellow Aster, Dodo school?"

"Yes, I mean the hideous school of mingled eroticism and medicine. What possible purpose do such books serve? As romance they are a total failure; as hospital text books they are of no value."

"Literature," continued Mrs. Stevenson, "should be wholesome. Because there are unpleasant and indecent things in life, is that any reason they should be served up to us as mental food?"

"You may set me down as a bitter opponent of that class of so-called literature. It should have no place."

## Light Employment.

The *Deutsche Zeitung*, San Paolo, Brazil, gives some shameful particulars of the "spoils" system as it prevails in that country. One story, translated in the *Literary Digest*, has an amusing side.

Some time ago a general was sent to one of the northern states to investigate the management of a government railroad. He belonged to the set of men who have made themselves obnoxious by their endeavors in the service of reform, and here are some of his experiences:

The very first day he found in one of the rooms of a railroad station a strong young man who was doing nothing. Thinking the young fellow had come to see him, he asked:

"Do you wish anything, my friend?"

"No, sir. I am employed here."

"So! What are your duties?"

"I have to fill the water-jugs in the office every day."

The general was a little astonished. In the next room he discovered another able-bodied young man, smoking a cigarette. "Are you an employee?" he asked.

"Yes, sir. I am the assistant of the gentleman in the next room."

But that was nothing to what was to come. The general had already been informed that the road employed eighteen engineers, while only eight were working. He ordered that in future these men should at least take turn about. The next day one of these "engineers," a beardless youth, came to him and told him that he could not run a locomotive to save his life.

"Then how did you get on the pay-roll?"

"Well, you see, General, it's this way. My family are poor but I wanted to study law. We've got some pull, so I managed to get an appointment as honorary engineer, to make a living while I pursue my studies."

## The Eccentric Contributor.

When Thomas Bailey Aldrich was a small-salaried clerk in George W. Carleton's bookstore on Broadway, Fitz James O'Brien was in the habit of dropping in to see him, and one day came in rather more than half seas over. Aldrich decided to take him across the street to a hotel and put him to bed. Cautiously and carefully he led O'Brien; but before he had got half-way across a friend stopped him and asked:

"Why do you want to bother with the fellow? Let him go."

"I will not," replied Aldrich; "he borrowed a dollar from me a few days ago, and I can't afford to let anything happen to him."

At another time, when he was not strictly sober, O'Brien found himself out

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of funds. He wandered into a publisher's office and asked for twenty-five dollars. This was refused him. Angriily seizing a placard, O'Brien reversed it and made in big letters on the blank side:

ONE OF —'S AUTHORS.

I AM STARVING.

Tying a string to the card, O'Brien placed it around his neck and paraded up and down the street, to the great amusement of a large crowd. He was of course requested to desist, but nothing stopped him mad course until a five-dollar bill was presented to him as a compromise.

A Georgia editor describes a defaulting debtor as "six feet tall and ten thousand dollars short."

She—The fact that I am a widow doesn't make any difference, does it? He—Yes; I wouldn't marry you if your husband was living.

Would he Write—What do you consider the most important qualification for a beginner in literature? Old Hand—A small appetite.

Mother (showing photo)—And this was Uncle Will when he was a little boy. Madge, Madge—Oh! And who is it now, mother?—Pick Me Up.

"I offered that lady \$500 for her interest in the property, and she refused to consider the proposition." "I offered her \$1000 and she jumped at it."

"When a man asserts that he is just as good as anybody else, do you think he really believes it?" "Certainly not. He believes he is better."—*Indianapolis Journal*.

"Say, I've an offer to go to work for an Albany wholesale house. What would you do if you were in my shoes?" After a careful inspection, "I think I would black 'em."

"What you want," said the doctor, "is life, variety, amusement. What's your business?" "Editor of a daily newspaper funny sheet," replied the patient, with a hollow, careworn sigh.

"Ah, ha!" exclaimed the great discoverer, joyfully, "at last I have found the missing link." And crawling from under his bed he proceeded to put the small gold affair in his clean cuff.

Old Lady (to young man who has politely escorted her across the street)—Many thanks for your kindness. Allow me to present you with a pass to see the opera. I'm the leader of the chorus.

Custom House Officer—Open your trunk. Have you anything but personal property? Distinguished Lawyer—What do you call personal property? "Don't you know what personal property is?" "Well, there is no real estate in it."—*Life*.

"Mike," said Plodding Pete, "how is it dat some o' dese people kin work day after day an' never seem to feel it?" "Well," replied Meandering Mike, reflectively, "I s'pose dey is started in young an' gets to be immune."—*Washington Star*.

"At last I have discovered it," grinned the young man at the theater, before his best girl had yet had time to remove her hat. "You see before you an airship."

"Pardon me, but I see nothing of the kind." "Then look at the stage. It has wings and flies!"

A man should be industrious.

But it beats de mischief how Much easier 'tis ter foller

A pusecution dan a plow.

I cannot understand: Yet when a man and maiden shy Go driving 'neath the summer sky, I then foretell a marriage by

The lines within her hand.

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With its superb and magnificent new train service, is acknowledged by all travelers to be the most perfect railway system in America. It now runs four trains daily each way between Buffalo, Chicago, St. Louis and Kansas City, passing through Niagara Falls, Welland, Simcoe, Tilsonburg, St. Thomas, Chatham and Detroit. The "CONTINENTAL LIMITED" is the most beautiful train ever seen in this country; all its cars have the new modern wide vestibule. All Wabash passenger trains have free reclining chair cars. Full particulars of this wonderful railroad from any R.R. Agent, or J. A. Richardson, District Passenger Agent, north-east corner King and Yonge streets, Toronto, and St. Thomas, Ont.

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## TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT

EDMUND R. SHEPPARD - Editor

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VOL. 11 TORONTO, JULY 30, 1898. [No. 37]

## For Holiday Seekers.

You can have SATURDAY NIGHT sent to any address in Canada or United States for 20 cents per month; to foreign addresses 25 cents. Order before leaving and appreciate afterwards your forethought.

## Sporting Comment.

The general run of people will feel very well satisfied with the showing made by the Argonauts of Toronto at Philadelphia last week, but it is doubtful if the Argonauts themselves are at all satisfied. The club's representatives won 2nd in the senior singles, 1st in the national fours, 1st in the intermediate fours, 2nd in the intermediate doubles, 2nd in the intermediate fours, 2nd in the senior doubles, and 2nd in the senior eight oars. But for one reason and another a great deal of interest was taken in the senior eight oars race, and it is generally conceded that the Argonauts could have won this handsily but for the fact that three of the eight had spent themselves in the international fours, which was a splendid race, hard-fought, and made a new record for the 14-mile course, 8:17. When the Argonaut eight, therefore, entered the boat, there were five men in fine condition, and three who had made one supreme effort of which a man is capable once in an afternoon, but not twice. The result was that when the spurt was required near the finish it came truly enough, but it was not that powerful burst of speed which the crew is capable. The Argonauts and their friends, however, thought that the crew had won by a nose, yet the announcement was made, after some delay, that the Pennsylvania Barge Club had won by two feet. The Toronto dailies said that the judges delayed twenty minutes in giving a decision: in reality, there was a delay of over five minutes, and this is enough to cause dissatisfaction for it should be an easy thing to see which boat pushed its nose first across a line. It is not at all likely that the Pennsylvania eight will come to Toronto to give the Argonauts a chance to despoil them of their victory. In fact, I believe that they have already declined, but will send up fours and doubles, and make a strong effort to take away some of the championships held here. They are coming, not to risk what they hold, but to try for what they have not. And it may be a long time before the Argonauts get such an eight in shape as the one they could have put up at Philadelphia. Here is the crew and weights:

E. A. Thompson, stroke ..... 177 lbs.  
F. H. Thompson, 7 ..... 167  
H. V. Jackson, 6 ..... 164  
A. J. Boyd, 5 ..... 174  
J. J. Wright, 4 ..... 180  
H. G. Kingston, 3 ..... 166  
J. N. Mackenzie, 2 ..... 157  
George Doherty, bow ..... 158  
H. K. Barker, coxswain ..... 122

The average weight of the rowers is 167 lbs., and the average weight, including the coxswain, 162 lbs. However, the Argonauts won the national and international fours—Wright (stroke), E. A. Thompson, F. H. Thompson and Muntz. If the Pennsylvania Barge Club comes up after the fours there will be a good race.

The annual meet of the Lake Yacht Racing Association was confined to a rendezvous at Kingston this year. It was thought to be more economical as regards time and more convenient for the majority of the crews if the meet were held in a central point instead of the yachts taking in a circuit of the whole lake. Other years Kingston, Cobourg, Toronto, Hamilton, Niagara and other Canadian and some United States lake towns have had a share in witnessing the races and making it interesting for the yachtsmen. The results at Kingston pretty conclusively prove that the Canada, with the time allowance her dimensions call for on the Merrythought, is the fastest single-sticker on the lake. The Merrythought is, perhaps, actually faster, but she is a great deal larger. This yacht when built was not intended or thought to be a fast boat. There is a legend among yachtsmen that the builder was given the dimensions of a large roomy cabin and told to build a yacht around it. She has what is known as a "shoulder," that is, there is a sharp curve quarter way down from the bow, in the line from bow to stern, like that in a kite. She surprised her designer, however, when she got a suit of canvas on her and showed what she could do. She is a splendid cruising yacht, which is just what the Canada is not. The Canada was built for racing purposes only. There is no room in her at all for cruising with comfort, nor could she stand a great deal of knocking about. She is very lightly built. That she is fast, both in light and heavy weather, how-

ever, there is now no doubt, she having won the majority of her races in Kingston, where they had a pleasing variety of winds, and she did well elsewhere this season. The meet this year was blessed in not having a gale like that on one of the days during the meet at Cobourg last year. Every yacht that went out that day came in with strained seams and the pumps going as hard as the crews could work them. The Kingston course on the Bay of Quinte is twelve miles around. While it is sheltered to an extent from heavy seas, it gets plenty of wind and is an ideal water for yacht racing.

Last week Dr. W. G. Grace captained the Gentlemen against the Players in a great cricket match, and the event was important in the history of cricket, because the opening day of the match was Dr. Grace's fiftieth birthday. It was thirty-three years ago, on July 3, 1865, that W. G. Grace played in his first match Gentlemen v. Players, and he was then a lad of seventeen. Three years later, in 1868, he made his first century for the Gentlemen, and in matches that have followed he has made fourteen other centuries. The last occasion was in 1895, at Lord's, when he scored 118 against such bowlers as Richardson, Attewell, Peel, Mold and Davidson. It may be remarked as a curious fact that Dr. Grace has made a century on every ground upon which the contest has ever been fought, whether it has been Lord's, the Oval, Prince's, Brighton, Scarborough or Hastings. His highest score in the Gentlemen v. Players match was 215 at the Oval in 1870, and that record has never been beaten. In that year "W. G." played four innings, and his average was 85.1. To summarize Dr. Grace's entire cricket career since 1865 up to his fiftieth birthday, it may be said that he played 1,100 completed innings, made 18,318 runs, thus giving him an average of 16.60. Will a man ever again have such an average for a total period of thirty-three years? As a bowler for the same period he has taken about 2,500 wickets at a cost of slightly over 40,000 runs, giving him an average of 16 runs per wicket. This, too, is remarkable. An English paper recalls the rhyme of a poet on the occasion of Dr. Grace's opening score of 1893:

The wondrous veteran, "W. G."  
At forty-five scores sixty-three,  
At sixty-three, Grace may we see  
Score forty-five!

Mr. P. F. Warner's English team is complete, with the exception of two men, which are as yet uncertain. The team is as follows: P. F. Warner (captain), Middlesex; C. J. Burnip, Cambridge University; and Kent; G. R. Bardswell, Lancashire; G. C. Lee, Oxford and Hampshire; E. H. Bray, Middlesex; C. O. H. Sewell, Gloucestershire; B. Q. J. Bosanquet, Oxford University; G. E. Winter, Cambridge University; F. Mitchell, Yorkshire; J. L. Ainsworth, Old Marlboroughs; R. Berens, and the two uncertainties, H. R. Bromley-Davenport, Middlesex, and V. T. Hill, Somersetshire. This will be a pretty strong team. In the latest published averages in first-class cricket in England I find only four of these men classified as follows:

	No. Times		Most	
	of		Total in an	
	Inns.	Runs.	Inns.	Avr.
O. H. Sewell	17	1 504	111	37.12
J. Burnip	19	1 521	77	28.94
E. Winter	12	1 310	86	28.18
F. Warner	16	2 331	70	27.92

In the first-class bowling averages Mr. Bosanquet stands in the sixteenth place.

It would not be a bit surprising if the Eastern League ran aground and left only the Toronto, Montreal and Ottawa teams as survivors. The other clubs seem to be going to pot. They are not concealing the underlying purpose of professional baseball—money-making. It has all year been too apparent that the Eastern League is a speculation. Of course any person who sat down and figured it out any day of any season found that the baseball magnates were out for money, but very often the quest for the dollar was carried on more discreetly and the multitudes in the grandstands were not compelled to see that the sport was forced and only the gain and grab natural and worth seeing. In Toronto we have a good club and a shrewd manager. Big crowds have gone regularly to the Island and have seen first-class baseball, but so many admissions are being made by the managers and players of defunct clubs that the local team must now romp to the front and fascinate the fans or the game will be up. The war has dealt the game a hard blow, and unless a few teams can hold the League together and nurse it along to the end of the season there may be difficulty in reviving it next year.

That the touring Toronto cricketers should make such a killing against Montreal and Ottawa and suffer defeat at McGill is something of a surprise to the talent. The batting averages in the tour were as follows: D. W. Saunders, 37; Burrows (pro.), 28.75; W. E. McMurtry, 25.00; A. J. Hills, 21.00; A. W. Mackenzie, 17; H. J. Tucker, 16.75; J. M. Laing, 15.00; G. S. Lyon, 14.75; H. J. Martin, 12.33; J. L. Sommerville, 7.25; and E. J. Fawke, 3. G. S. Lyon carried off the bowling honors. The complete defeat of the Ottawa team has been the sensation of the season.

THE UMPIRE.

## On the Links.

IN view of the annual inter-provincial match it may interest those who have never known, and those who have forgotten, to hear how the battle has gone in the past ten or fifteen years. Going back as far as 1882 we find it was won by Quebec at Montreal by 18 holes; in 1883 Ontario won at Niagara-on-the-Lake by 30 holes; again the following year by Ontario at Montreal by only five holes; 1885 and 1886 were skipped for some reason. Quebec won at Montreal in 1887 by 40 holes. Then came an interval of four seasons, which did not seem to affect Quebec, for in 1892 they won at Montreal again, this time by 51 holes. In 1893 Ontario came to the front again, and won at Ottawa by 30 holes; in 1894 Quebec won at Montreal by

37 holes. Ontario was victorious at Toronto in 1895, winning by 47 holes. Quebec recovered herself in 1896 and won on her own links by 20 holes, and last year Ontario evened up by winning at Montreal by a narrow margin of six holes. So, in ten matches, Ontario has won five and Quebec five. It will be interesting to watch which province will tip the scales in the next match, and from the known strength of both it is difficult, especially in such an uncertain game as golf, to predict which is likely to come off best.

Mr. George Lyon has returned from his cricket tour down east, and reports golf as being very brisk at Montreal. The heat and the dried up condition of the links have rather dampened the enthusiasm of the Upper Province golfers, and most of them are allowing the summer rust to collect on their clubs while they gather strength for the autumn activity. Montrealers seem to be exceptions. Possibly they may reap their reward in the inter-provincial match.

Mr. Charles Hunter has been missed on the links this week. He has been spending the past few days down east.

The many proprietors of summer hotels who are keen enough to recognize in golf a drawing card and who have gone to much expense and trouble in annexing a links and offering cups and prizes, will not read with pleasure section 23 of the by-laws passed by the Royal Canadian Golf Association. This troublesome clause reads:

No Associate or Allied Club shall accept or allow to be played for at any competition or tournament under their control any cup, plate or article of value, if in the judgment of the Royal Canadian Golf Association the same is given for purpose of business advertisement.

Most golfers, especially beginners, are altogether too apt to grow disheartened in the face of bad luck. Everyone who has played the game will admit that now and again the innocent-looking little white ball seems to become possessed and sneaks into every possible hole and hollow and rut it can find. A player measures his distance well, and carefully lofts his ball to a seemingly nice level spot sixty or seventy yards ahead, where a brassie seems possible. With a sigh of satisfaction he sees the small white circle fall where he counted upon its landing, but there his luck ends. It falls on the level, but gently rolls along into a hole, or clumps up to a mound that utterly precludes the possibility of the brassie, and the luckless player digs it out and watches his more fortunate opponent drive victoriously away to the hole. It certainly is discouraging, but he should remember that bad luck does not cling to any particular ball, and the other fellow may have even a worse dose than he before the game is over. A caddie is sometimes a comforting little soul to have around, too, and saves what might be a lost situation, as instanced by the man who was four down and five to play. "Here, take my clubs," he exclaimed; "I'll give up the match!" "Ah! dinna gie it up," the caddie protested cheerfully; "the ither man micht dee!"

The date of the inter-provincial match has been fixed for September 30, to be played on the links of the Toronto Club. The players showing the best scores in that match will be chosen to play in the international match the following day.

Mr. George Lyon holds the lowest score for the Rosedale links, aside, of course, from Ritchie's. A short time ago he went around in 77. On Monday evening he went up with Mr. Alfred Wright, after an absence of two weeks, and did the eighteen holes in 76. Some golfers need constant practice or they top and fizzle and slice like a beginner. Others, like Mr. Lyon, don't need anything but clubs and a ball.

Golfing girls will learn with interest that sweaters are still declared fashionable. They may be rather inelegant, and they certainly lack style, but they are loose and comfortable, and the newest ones are a great improvement on the ones worn last year. They are a much nicer cut, and come in a pretty array-red, which chimes in very seasonably with the military tone which is creeping into everything in these days of war. The fashion journals also describe the favorite golf stockings for girls as having plain legs in solid colors, with plaided tops. The girls on this side of the line have not yet adopted the skirts of very abbreviated length, so that the tops are not of very much importance, but it is satisfactory to know what the correct thing is, and also to learn further that the loud, gaudy specimens of last season are no longer in favor. Nothing is in such good taste as solid black ones with scarlet clocks.

HAZARD.

## Battle Song.

Robert Burns Wilson in the New York Herald.

When the vengeance wakes, when the battle breaks,

And the ships sweep out to sea;

When the foe is near, when the decks are cleared,

And the colors floating free;

When the squadrons meet, when it's fleet to fleet

And front to front with Spain;

From ship to ship, from lip to lip

Pass on the quick refrain,

"Remember, remember the Maine!"

When the flag shall sign, "Advance in line,

Train-ships on an even keel;"

When the guns shall flash and the shot shall crash

And bound on the ringing steel;

When the rattling blasts from the armored masts

Are hurling their deadliest rain,

Let their voices loud, through the blinding cloud,

Cry, ever, the fierce refrain,

"Remember, remember the Maine!"

God's sky and sea in that storm shall be

Fate's chaos of smoke and flame,

But across that hell every shot shall tell,

Not a gun can miss its aim;

Not a blow shall fall on the crumbling mail,

And the waves that engulf the slain,

Shall sweep the decks of the blackened wrecks,

With the thumping, deaf refrain,

"Remember, remember the Maine!"



"Opening on a full."—Life.

## Parisian Love Song.

Blanche Lindsay in the London Speaker.

As a cloud to the wind I am docile to thee;  
As a rose to the nightingale sweet would I be,  
And deep in thy thought as a pearl in the sea.

Thou art gone—falls the dark! Thou art here—breaks the morn!  
Our sunlight without thee seems brilliance forlorn;  
And this world's a dead king, of all royalty shorn.

What is love but a bird that would touch the blue sky?  
What is love but a viol-string pitched far too high?  
What is love but the heart's unappeasable cry?

I wait thee, heart's dearest—let life be the grove  
Where I long for and meet thee, and walk with my love—  
The green lawns for carpet, the white stars above!

## A Fable for Critics.

Life.

"As it was in the beginning, is now and ever shall be."

A SLENDER, white-robed girl stood before a large concourse of people waiting to sing. Her face was bright with a glad, unknowing smile, her eyes shone with expectancy as the prelude was played, and when she sang the clear, high, birdlike voice floated forth with little effort and the people listened. After she had finished they applauded politely and murmured, "She is very pretty." They never mentioned her singing at all. But Those Who Knew looked at her with cold eyes and said, "The Eternal Amateur." The young girl, disappointed, looked towards Fame, who stood far off and kept even her face averted.

Years passed. A Woman, still young, stood before an audience larger and better informed than the last. The color of her cheek was heightened by art, and in her scarlet dress she looked like some gorgeous-hued tropical flower. There was no uncertainty and no expectancy. She had been for years in a land where Art lives nearer to her children than in ours, and all that could be taught by masters she had learned; and more, for she had tasted of the Cup of Error, and in her eyes lay Knowledge of the Ways of Men. When she sang her rich, full, sensuous voice delighted the ears of the people, who shouted bravos and showered flowers at her feet. And even Those Who Knew listened with interest and said, "She is a great Singer." But the Woman, who, during the song, had looked only at the people, turned at its conclusion towards Fame, who came no nearer, but who no longer kept her face averted, and at times seemed to listen.

More years went by. An audience, which crowded every niche of an immense building, stood waiting breathlessly for a Woman to sing to them. Time had changed her, but she was only more beautiful. Her cheek was quite pale, but her eyes shone with the Light of Stars as she stood patiently in her black gown, waiting to begin. All haste and eagerness and desire to please, and intention of any kind, were gone. Great Love had touched her, and Great Grief and Death, and made her human. She no longer looked at the people or at Fame, but upward. All her work and knowledge of Evil and Good and Love and Hate had mouldered her voice into perfect melody, as with passion and pain and joy she sang, I Know that My Redeemer Liveth. When she finished the people shouted and applauded, and Those Who Knew said at last, with sobs in their throats, "She is a great Artist." And, amid the multitude, Fame came and knelt at her feet, and offered up to her a laurel wreath; the Woman looked down at her and said gently, "Who are You?" And the answer came, "I am Fame."

"Pardon me," the Woman said, "I had forgotten you."

ELINOR MACARTNEY LANE.

## Don't Want a Fifth.

THE young man with the swell suit and gold-headed cane was trying to flirt with the girl opposite, when the old man on his left nudged him with his elbow and hoarsely whispered: "Young man, pause and reflect!" "Are you speaking to me, sir?" demanded the young man. "Yes, right to you; but I've got such a hard cold that I cannot say much. Let me repeat that you should pause and reflect."

"What for?"

"You are trying to flirt with that young gal, sir?"

"And is it any of your business?"

"It is, sir. Excuse my hoarseness. I kicked the bed clothes off the other night and got cold. I want to say to you, sir, that it is my business, sir! Suppose that you succeed in attractin' that gal's attention?"

"Well, what of it?"

"She might be flattered and flirt back, though I don't think she's very flirtatious. It might lead to a case of love, and love to a case of marriage."

"You'd better attend to your own business, sir!" replied the young man.

"That's what I'm a-doin', sir; 'scuse me while I blow my nose. Yes, sir, I'm attendin' right to my business."

"Then let mine alone!"

"Then you let mine alone! I'm that

people, and reflects credit on its editor, Mr. Bernard McEvoy.

The False Chevalier, by William Down Lighthall of Montreal, is a romance of old Canada that we shall refer to at more length next week.

## His Batteries Were Silenced.

INGERSOLL—the imperturbable Bob—was invited to attend a banquet at the irresistible Clover Club (says the New York Press). "It is impossible to accept," he said. "I know your custom too well. I shall be called on for a speech, and shall be unmercifully gayed. I never could stand it. I refuse to put myself in such a position." The club decided to waive its constitutional prerogative in his case, and he was informed of the fact. "Then I gladly accept the invitation," he said, "and will surely be on hand." He was.

No sooner had the gallant iconoclast reached his feet, than a chap down at the end of the room began to interrupt. He was the only one in the club to say a word, but he was very annoying, and Bob remarked:

"I came here as a guest, with the understanding that I was not to be interrupted. There was an agreement to that effect."

"I never heard of any such agreement," returned the other.

The breaker of images said: "My friend, you remind me of a story. There was a day set apart by the beasts of the field, the reptiles, and the birds of the air for a general peace. Animals in the habit of preying on each other agreed to meet together in one grand accord. A fox passing a chicken-roost on the way to the meeting invited a hen to accompany him, and when she politely declined informed her of the peace agreement. 'Well, Mr. Fox, I will go under those conditions,' she said, and they trotted along side by side through the field.

"Presently the baying of a pack of hounds was heard, and Mr. Fox started to run. 'Why do you run, Mr. Fox?' said Mrs. Hen, 'remember the peace agreement.' Restraining himself, Mr. Fox trotted on, but the pack drew nearer and nearer, until he could stand it no longer. 'Mr. Fox,' urged Mrs. Hen, 'don't be afraid. Remember what you told me about the peace agreement. No hound would hurt you to-day. Trot along with me, and don't be in the least alarmed.' He could almost feel the breath of the hounds. 'Mrs. Hen,' he whispered, prepared to 'spring away,' 'I do well remember the peace agreement, but there may be some fool hound in that pack that hasn't heard of it. Good-by.'"

When the colonel had finished this story there was dead silence, and he concluded his speech without further interruption. The "fool hound" who sat at the further end of the room didn't say another word.

## Dramatic Notes.

The only stage attraction at present to be found by Torontonians is at Hanlan's Point.

Among the novelties which will be produced at the Opera Comique, in Paris, next autumn is Massenet's Cendrillon, the title role of which was originally written for Sibyl Sanderson.

Next season James O'Neill is to appear in Joseph Hatton's play, When Greek Meets Greek, which was produced in a few large Eastern cities by Olga Nether-sole under the title A Daughter of France.

Laurence Irving, whose Peter the Great, produced at the London Lyceum by his father, proved but a *succes d'estime*, seems undaunted by public indifference and has just had another play, Richard Lovelace, produced at the famous Theatre Royal, Bath.

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The in town the nee were c Myles for a c English were th graph a whole operat charging showed to Sar town, yacht. "He face on yester probably when ing no that w after he telegra "An late w found "W said I. Ther flection all ou boat l tions doubts



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Hobo Island.

A Commercial Traveler's Story of a Generous Experiment.

By MACK.

SYNOPSIS.—Mr. Hopper, a commercial traveler, stopping over-night at a hotel on the Georgian Bay, falls in with a well known university professor, and sees him at midnight in conversation with two disreputable-looking men under the hotel window. The Professor comes to Mr. Hopper's room and exacts a promise that he shall not inform anyone next morning of what he saw. The Professor explains that he is secretly taking twenty-three tramps and beggars from the city jails up to an island owned by him in the Georgian Bay, where he intends to establish them in log houses so that they can support themselves by fishing and hunting and escape the vice and hardship of city life. Next morning Mr. Hopper finds that his trunks have been gone through and many of his samples stolen, and that the hotel bar had been robbed of liquor and cigars. The Professor had gone away at 4.30 a.m., and Hopper suspects his trunks of the robbery. He makes arrangements to set out in search of Hobo Island to recover his goods and look after the Professor. His friend, Hemphill, arrives; they store a small sailing-yacht with provisions, and set out. On the evening of the second day they fall in with an old Englishman, Sir Myles Deep, who, with two serving-men, is on an island awaiting the arrival of the knight's steam-yacht from Sarnia, with a party of tourists and supplies. Hopper and Hemphill stay for supper and accept an invitation to remain over-night. The old knight regales the young men with interesting stories of his travels in various countries, and a pleasant evening is spent. In the morning their host has gone, taking their boat and provisions and leaving them with one day's food and an old row-boat, to which is pinned a note, saying that he has gone to look for his steam-yacht and will return by eight o'clock. They suspect that Sir Myles is a thief and humbug, but decide to wait until ten o'clock for his possible return.

PART V.

OUR feelings as we sat on the brow of the rocky island, or paced to and fro along the little cliff, gazing searchingly in every direction, may be imagined. Two young men setting out on a bit of detective work, to be thus unaccounted for by the first person encountered—beaten out of our guns, food and means of travel, and above all filled up with trashy yarns—was hard on our feelings as well as disastrous to our project. And we were completely beggared, too. If old Sir Myles was not Sir Myles who was he? The linen collar seemed to connect him with Prof. Jones' tramps, of whom we were in search, but the man's fund of anecdote, manner of speech, and even his garb, made it seem highly improbable that he was one of the Professor's colonists.

"Not a bit of it," said I to Hemphill. "He is just a stray crook and it was our luck to fall in with him."

"If we got to Hobo Island," replied he dismally, "they will pull our teeth and take our toe-nails for poker-chips."

Hemphill grew picturesque in his fearful imaginings, and expressed his thankfulness that we had not come up with the real hobos, who would have palmed themselves off on us as a summer session of the Methodist Conference. But we tired of jeering at ourselves, and at ten o'clock went down to the old row-boat to seek down among the islands in the direction taken by Billings the night before, when he went, as I now believed, to warn confederates of our approach.

The boat was scarcely a safe one to venture in far from land, for it leaked furiously whenever it leaned over to either side, and one of us was compelled to bail constantly with an old can that we found under a seat. One oar was longer than the other—in fact, it was the worst makeshift of a craft that we had ever risked our lives in.

Any kind of a boat, however, can be made to travel, and we covered a lot of water that day, landing frequently on islands and mounting the high points to get a view of the surrounding bays and rocks. Night came and we had learned nothing, nor had we met a living person. We slept on a high table of rock, and set off again at four o'clock next morning. We had now abandoned search, and headed for the open lake with the intention of getting, as quickly as possible, to the nearest town, so that we might telegraph up and down the lake roads to intercept Sir Myles and the stolen boat.

It was well on in the afternoon when we saw a big sail-boat coming up, followed at a distance by another. They were crowding on all sail, and working finely, and it seemed that it was a pursuit race. We rowed out to meet the first one, but the men on her swung far out of our way, and with their backs turned to us pretended not to see us.

On the second boat were five young men, and they seemed determined to pass us also, but finally they swung around and ran upon us. It turned out that they were campers from Buffalo and had been chasing the other boat for sport, knowing them to be fishermen with bad consciences, who no doubt supposed that the pursuers were game wardens or fish inspectors.

The campers very kindly put our boat in tow and ran up the shore with us to the nearest town, where they left us. We were quite astonished to find that Sir Myles had put in there the previous day for a couple of hours, and that the titled Englishman and his missing steam-yacht were the talk of the place. At the telegraph office, when we had explained the whole story of Sir Myles and the boat, the operator advised us to be cautious about charging the Englishman with theft, and showed us a telegram which he had sent to Sarnia to a well known resident of that town, enquiring for the missing steam-yacht.

"Hemphill," I said, "this puts another face on the matter. Sir Myles was here yesterday and sent that telegram. He probably didn't intend to come so far when he set out in the morning, but seeing no sign of his yacht, and reflecting that we would leave with your sail-boat after breakfast, he resolved to send out telegrams when he had a chance."

"And I suppose he got back a few hours late with an elegant apology ready and found us gone."

"What the devil will he think of us?" said I.

There were several very disturbing reflections, however. Why had he loaded all our traps and provisions into our boat before going away? Such questions as that filled us with new doubts, until we learned from the

bar-tender in one of the hotels that Sir Myles had remarked that he had left two guests on his island and must hurry back while the wind held, and that he had sailed back again in the direction he had come. Our last doubt was removed, but we could not row again to the island in that ramshackle boat, and the Buffalo boys had gone. Various considerations decided us to take the steamer that was on the point of continuing her trip down the lake to —, where we had first embarked and where my trunks had been robbed, there to get a big sail-boat and several men and round up both Sir Myles and Professor Jones at one stroke. "We can comb the whole district," said Hemphill, whose good temper had been restored.

We took passage on the pleasant little steamer and were soon dodging among the islands. We were smoking on deck about an hour later when bells sounded and the steamer began to slow and round to. Rushing to the rail, the passengers exclaimed that there was a man on the island, and the boat was picking him up.

"Do you stop at any island on which a passenger may be found?" enquired a lady of the captain.

"Oh, no," he replied. "But during the summer we stop every day at this rock. Campers who wish to go home are brought here by their friends and we pick 'em up. This is right on our channel, and we can rub against the rock—there's thirty feet of water there."

"Isn't that just lovely?" At the same moment Hemphill and I turned and grasped each other's shoulders, for the man who was waiting for the gang-plank to be thrown on the rock was none other than—Professor Jones.

We had him in a corner on the upper deck in no time, but before we could say anything and as the steamer swung around, Hemphill began to shout like a madman, calling to me to look, and to the captain to stop the steamer.

"There's Sir Myles with my boat! There he goes. Hold on, I say."

Sure enough, with sails spread, cutting the water like a knife, ran our sail-boat, a quarter of a mile away, with three men in her.

"What is the matter?" enquired Prof. Jones, seeing my excitement.

In a few words I told of the loss of our boat and of Sir Myles.

"Sir Nothing," said he; "that is Adams, one of my precious tramps. He is a tramp printer, and one of the strangest men in the world. He's been away for three days and only got back this morning in time to steal me away in that boat, or I'd have been a dead man by now. I verily believe they'd have done me to death but for Adams. He can twist the whole crowd of ignorant scoundrels around his finger."

"But that's my boat, and I'm going to have it," cried Hemphill, glaring impotently over the rail.

The captain when approached and asked to give chase to the sail-boat, declined, saying that the sunken rocks and the islands, around which the little boat could dodge, would make it impossible for a pursuit to succeed.

"So he's a thief after all!"

"No, I hope not," said the Professor; "but he's the cleverest rogue that ever invented a lie. But we'll find out everything when we come back." He burst out, with a select foreign oath. "We'll come back to-morrow with all the policemen that can be got together and will cram the penitentiary with those tramps of mine."

"What did they do to you?" we asked. The Professor's face had changed greatly since I had seen him last; it was no longer quiet and reposeful, but full of keenness, and his eye had a wicked light as he gazed across the waters towards the distant sail-boat.

"Come back and let us get comfortable seats and I will tell you all about it," said the Professor.

(To be Continued.)

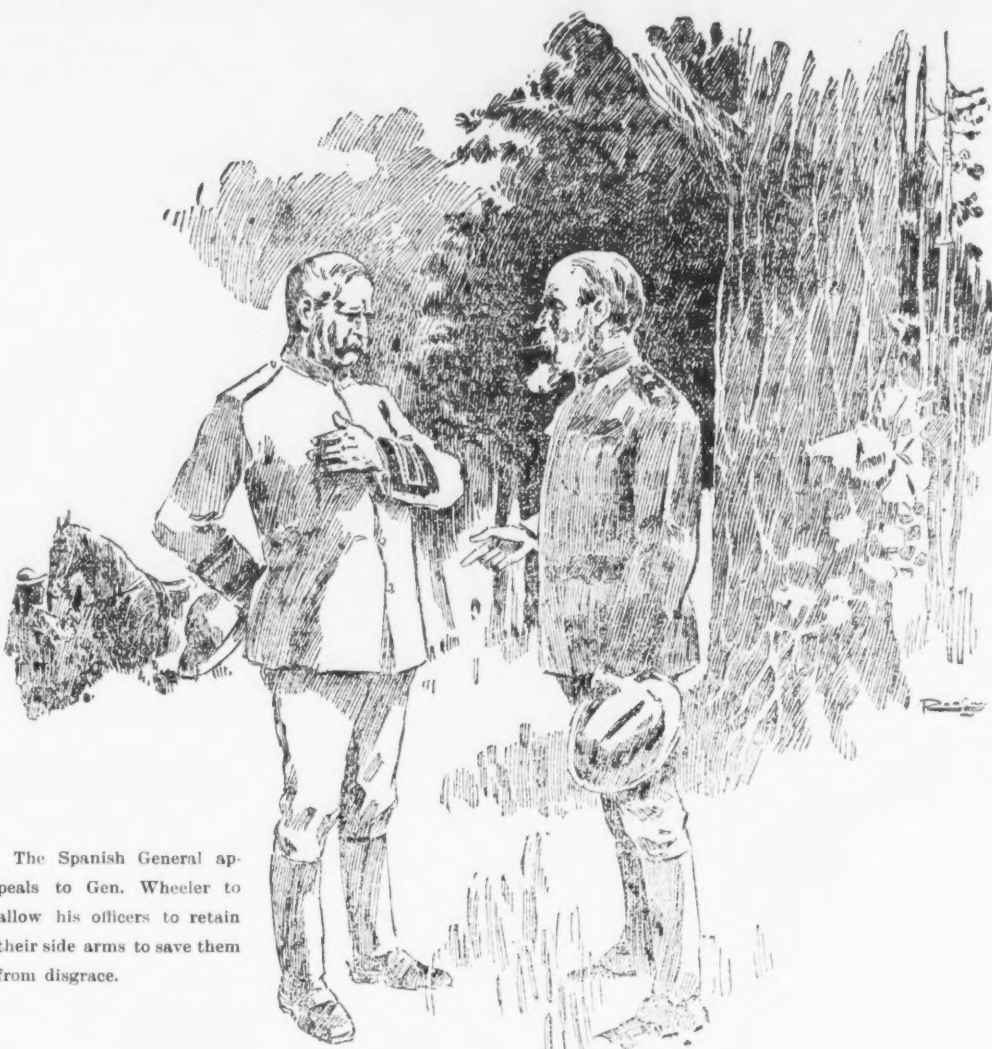
The Defeat of Harmony.

By A WANDERING DILETTANTE.

HERR VON BULOSON, pianist and accompanist, sat in his studio alone; before him, on the piano, was a song in manuscript. His two hands, like a couple of immense hairy tarantulas, went duncing up and down the key-board. Presently one of them, to continue the simile, hopped frantically on one leg, then the musician rose to his feet, flung the tarantulas out, hairy side down, in a gesture of despair, and let loose a volley of uncouth German oaths. Herr Von Bulosohn was not in a good temper.

He was engaged to play accompaniments that evening at a concert. His fee was quite insignificant in comparison with those of the vocal artists who were to take part, yet he realized that he had more music in his little finger than all the singers on the programme. His duty it was to steer them safely through, and well he knew that if anything went wrong his head would be the blame. Many a time had he seen the singer at his back, after a flagrant error, place the onus upon him by turning with a frown towards the piano. Only those in the audience who understood music ever realized it was not the fault of the accompanist, but of the singer; the majority of the audience was always deceived by this little trick. He had seen it in spite of the fact that it took place at his back; his spectacles served as a mirror, and he always placed the piano so that he could see the singer in this way. The reigning favorite at this time at concerts was a gentleman with a voice of prodigious volume and compass, but who had a most unhappy way of singing off the key. It was this gentleman's song that the pianist had been trying over. It was really a tenor song, but had been transposed to a key within the basso's range. The manuscript was none too plain, as it was a difficult accompaniment, and to add the last straw, one of the notes on the piano jangled. The tuner had been working at it for an hour without avail, and had expressed his opinion

The Spanish General appeals to Gen. Wheeler to allow his officers to retain their side arms to save them from disgrace.



GEN. TORRAL AND GEN. WHEELER.

that he would have to take the action apart. The jangle was too much for the musician's nerves.

"Eat ees no goot," said Herr Von Bulosohn. "I shall fail to practice der song at der hall. Der tam note is bevitched."

"I don't think it is the piano at all, my friend."

The Professor turned with a start. He had heard nobody enter the room.

"Vat der teufel!" he exclaimed.

A gentleman of commanding presence stood before him, hat in hand. Although dressed in orthodox garb, there was something unearthly about him.

"No, not the devil," he said, with a smile, "although I have been taken for him occasionally. Permit me to introduce myself. I am Apollo."

The Herr Professor stared, bewildered, and yet, curiously enough, it seemed quite a usual sort of thing that the god of music should pay him a morning call in this informal manner.

"It is some time since I have paid mortals a visit," went on the stranger, but I happened to be passing on my way to a new world that has just cooled off. I've been so busy introducing my art in far-off spheres that I have had no time for this planet, but I am afraid it's about time I came along. I have been listening to your thoughts for quite a while. So you have to play to-night for a singer who goes off the key? Well, my friend, we will attend to him. You will moisten the strings of your piano this evening with a little of this liquid; then when your singer begins to flat, something will happen to him. This," he produced a small earthenware phial from his pocket—"contains what I may call the concentrated power of harmony. By power I mean destructive power. It is impossible for discord to be—to exist when this is in operation. Marsyas and Pan, my old-time rivals, felt the force of this. Pan was very much put out because his pipes were smashed into smithereens. You may try it for yourself. For instance, there is nothing wrong with your piano; that jangle is caused by a picture-wire—see, this one above the piano. Now for my elixir!"

He removed, as he spoke, the front from the piano, and the stopper from the phial, and then just touched the strings with the end of his handkerchief, which he had previously moistened with the fluid.

"There now, try the piano, and you shall see what happens to an impudent wire that thinks it can sing."

Herr Von Bulosohn seated himself at the instrument, and the two tarantulas recommenced their interrupted gambols.

As the jangling note was sounded there was a loud crash and the professor leaped to his feet.

The picture lay in pieces on the floor, the wire was twisted into a dozen knots. On the table was the small earthenware phial, but the mysterious stranger had disappeared. Von Bulosohn went to the door. As he thought, it was locked on the inside and the key in the key hole.

"Va-a-t der teufel!!!!" said Herr Von Bulosohn.

There was the usual large audience at the Hall of Harmony that evening. The monthly concerts of the Symphony Club were always well attended and some of the best known performers were to take part this evening, among others the celebrated basso profundo, Gustav de Biere. The secret of this gentleman's success apparently lay in the fact that he could drown any orchestra when he chose to give his immense voice full scope. It could not be called musical, and occasionally it wandered off the key entirely, but that was a fault which was not noticed by the none too critical majority that constituted his admirers; besides, it seemed to be the fashion now to sing flat. At all events, it was sufficiently common to pass uncondemned, if not unnoticed.

The basso was fourth on the programme.

To the astonishment of the audience, two out of the three singers who had already appeared had broken down in a most unaccountable manner. One, a tenor, had essayed a note that was quite half a tone out of his reach, and suddenly stopped with his mouth wide open and not a sound issuing therefrom. He had hurried unceremoniously from the stage. The other was the popular Mlle. Trillalee, who broke down in the middle of her song. She was a coloratura soprano, and her solo was of a startlingly protechnic order. After an unaccompanied run, some yards in length, she came back to the theme at the same time as a chord was struck in the accompaniment. Alas! In her unaided wanderings to the extent of her register, she must have strayed off the key; at all events her voice was not in exact harmony with the piano, and she collapsed as had the tenor.

The quiet old German with long hair and spectacles, who played the accompaniments, might have been observed to smile in a suppressed kind of a way at each of these mishaps. His own solo at the commencement of the programme had received a double encore; he had played as if inspired; never had the two tarantulas leaped, pounced, danced and galloped over the ivory keys as they had that evening. Perhaps it was the memory of his triumph that caused that queer smile to linger around the corners of his mouth, for surely he would not see any humor in the tragic break-downs which had occurred. Perhaps—but do not let us anticipate.

The great Gustav had made his bow and cleared his throat, the introduction had been played, and the audience sat back with closed eyes (figuratively speaking) as the deep full voice came to their delighted ears.

Suddenly the singing stopped, the basso had wobbled a little on a long-sustained note, then his voice seemed to die away to a whisper. He looked bewildered, but unlike his predecessors did not retire. He seemed to be gathering all his energies for a mighty effort. The accompanist turned around with a broad grin on his face.

"Vat ees der drouble?" he said.

"Nothing," replied de Biere; "my voice gave out for a minute. Go back to the last line."

He sang the last line again and then came to the sustained note, the accompaniment to which was a run.

He drew an immense breath and the note nearly took the roof off. Again he flatted, but this time something else happened.

De Biere's mighty chest slowly collapsed as he emitted the tremendous note away off the key; suddenly the tarantulas ceased their gambols and left the key-board as if it were red-hot; in the same instant the audience was startled into a panic of fear by a tremendous crash. The piano had exploded into a thousand pieces.

The Yellow God.

San Francisco Argonaut.

TOM JENKINS ran his hand through the gold that lay heaped on the floor of the shack. "Seems to me, Billy," he said slowly, "that hopin' to find it is better'n findin' it."

Dull gleams of light from a smoky lantern fell athwart the face of the old miner, rugged, homely, deep-furrowed by time and hardships, and offering a marked contrast indeed to the handsome, patrician features of Billy Bailey, his junior partner.

"Findin', Billy, means quittin'." It's an end to the wants an' privations I've known for nigh twenty year. But, somehow, I've come to like these still ole mountains, an' the singin' of the pines, an' the river. They've growed like friends, an' I'm never lonelier among 'em. Listen's you can hear 'em now. Maybe it's the h's time they'll ever sing fer me."

"We're goin' back to civilization," continued Tom, unheeding the other's lack of sympathy with his reminiscent mood, "an' that means separation. I know you like me, Billy. A feller couldn't want a better partner than you've been fer the two year I've knowed you. But with yer eddication, an' yer young blood, an' yer ambitions, you ain't my kind in civilization. We can't be the same down there. I couldn't expect it. But I think a powerful deal of you, Billy. I—"

"Oh, come, Tom," broke in his companion, impatiently, "you're in the dumps to-night. Take a drink and brace up. Should think you'd look on the bright side of things now. We've worked and starved in these cursed wilds for gold, until at last we've got it. Think of the city's ten thousand pleasures that this stake can buy for us. There's no life in these damned solitudes. It's all there in the crowded streets, and it can all be ours when we've got such a god—the god of gold—to see us through."

Billy laughed gleefully in anticipation. Then once more he fixed his eyes with a glittering intensity on the yellow heap, which meant for him all that life can mean to a selfish, love-lack nature.

"But it ain't fer me," persisted Tom. "I'm past them things. If it wan't fer the hope of findin' the old woman down there in Frisco an' makin' her comfortable, I'd stay. I don't care fer the gold after all. I've found it, an' my hungerin' fer it's satisfied."

Billy made no answer. He had long since become resigned to the diversity of their tastes, and to-night he was in no mood for argument. He got out some materials, and began to repair a rent in his coat. Tom rose presently and dumped the nuggets into a gunny-sack. Then he arranged his blankets for the night.

"Put it away safe, Billy," he said, jocularly, "we're already on the edge of civilization, an' must learn to be pertickler."

"I'll look after it, never fear," said the other, shortly, "good night."

Billy finished his task, but his mind was still busy with thoughts of the future. He rose and stepped out into the night. At his feet the turbulent river rushed blackly along, its foam-crests gleaming like dull silver in the clear starlight. Behind him towered in silent majesty the rugged, wooded mountains. The air was heavy with the breath of the pines. But Billy saw none of the beauty of the night. The mountains awakened memories of hardships and hopelessness; the river was only a highway to civilization. He lit his pipe, and began to pace up and down the shelving shore.

There was none of the stuff of which heroes are made in Billy Bailey's composition. Had the fates seen fit to continue their kindly beginning, he would probably have developed into one of the horde of whited sepulchres that so largely make up what the world is pleased to term the respectable of humanity—those who observe the conventions to the letter, indulge every desire with a studied care that wins the approval of men, and dying are respectfully buried and speedily forgotten. On the contrary, fate had preferred giving Billy a chance to prove his mettle. His college career cut short by the melting away of his father's fortune, he awoke one morning to find himself face to face with the world, his wits his only capital.

He remembered to-night his struggles to maintain his social position; the slights heaped upon him by erstwhile boon companions; the gradual sinking away of hope, until, with starvation staring him in the face, he had shipped in a vessel bound "round the Horn." On his lips were curses for the friends who had failed him; in his heart a resolve some day to retaliate. He recalled his hardships on the Western frontier, his final falling in with old Tom Jenkins, and the hopeless search for gold until a week ago, when the gravel of a dried-up mountain stream

unexpectedly yielded them their little fortune and ended for him the hell-on-earth existence in these solitudes. His future course was plain. Mercilessly he would engage in the war for wealth. His heart must know but one love—the love of gold.

And the stake! It was not so much after all. If he only had Tom's share too! The thought startled him, and he looked furtively about as though already under surveillance. Well, why not? What was Tom to him now? The old man cared nothing for gold—he had said as much. Why not begin the task of wealth-gathering to-night, and double his fortune by a single coup? The skiff was all ready for the morrow's journey down the river. He could easily reach North Fork by daylight, and miles of distance would lie between him and Tom before the latter could make the trip across the almost impassable mountain trail. He weakened for a moment as he thought of Tom's almost motherly solicitude—of how throughout their wanderings the old-hearted miner had borne the brunt of the struggle. Even when the treasure was discovered the old man's first words were: "I'm glad for your sake, Billy." Then he asked himself if he, too, was growing sentimental, and to-night, of all nights, on the very eve of battle.

He walked back to the house. Tom was fast asleep. The flickering light of the lantern fell aslant the corner where he lay, his powerful form half swathed in the tattered blankets, his brawny arms thrown above his head. The face, from which sleep seemed to have smoothed away the deep furrows, mirrored the rugged honesty of his heart. But the touching picture meant nothing to Billy, who watched the sleeper for an instant, and then proceeded to put his cowardly scheme into effect. It was but the work of a few minutes to gather together the things necessary for the short journey down the river, and to secure the treasure for safe transportation. There was a look of cunning triumph on his face as he completed his preparations. He was thinking of the surprise awaiting Tom, who had been "fool enough to believe in human friendship."

He made a cautious step toward the door of the shack, when a slight noise, real or fancied, caused him to glance back over his shoulder. The next instant the bag of gold crashed to the floor, while Billy sank on his knees as though felled by a blow. Tom was sitting bolt upright in bed, his revolver leveled at Billy's heart.

The two gazed at each other a moment in utter silence. Billy's eyes, fixed with the penetration born of despair, scanned the old man's face, and read there reproach and pity, rather than a thirst for swift revenge. This somewhat reassured him, and he rose to his feet.

"Well," he said bluntly, "what do you intend to do?"

"So," said Tom, with a long breath, "I wuz mistook in you, after all. To think that I give you my friendship an' you wa'n't worth it. What be I going to do? What do men usully do when a partner turns thief?"

"You wouldn't shoot me, Tom?"

"Why not? Men's been killed fer less an' this an' the world wuz well red of 'em."

Then it did mean death.

As Billy realized this his face turned ashen pale, while a palsy-like terror struck through him, rending his bravado mask and revealing him as the pitiable dastard he was. He cowered before the old man, pleading hysterically.

"Oh, spare me, spare me, Tom. You said you cared nothing for gold, while I—I was mad with love of it. It is my god—my heaven—my everything. But take it, take it all—only give me my life—Tom—I—I—can't die."

"Git up," commanded the other coldly; "don't make me despise you worse'n I do. What would you do if you wuz in my place? Shoot, wouldn't you? You'd kill me now if you had the chance."

"But think, Tom, what life means to me; I'm young and—"

"Think what friendship meant to me, Billy. I'm old."

In the momentary silence that followed, the pines and the river could be heard singing their old, old song, unheeding of the strife of mortals for a scrap of the treasure they guarded. Tom heard the song, and his bitterness seemed to go out with the weird melody. The hand that held the weapon dropped listlessly to his side.

"I'll spar yer life," he said, hoarsely; "you kin go."

Billy stood a moment as though he had not heard.

"Yer free. Go!" said Tom.

The boy glanced from the old man to the bag of gold, and then turned slowly toward the doorway.

"You better take yer pile now," said Tom quietly, "as I reckon you won't be comin' back."

"Do you mean it?" gasped Billy.

"Certainly; half's yours, ain't it? There's only one thief in this camp, an'—it ain't me."

Tom proceeded to open the bag and roughly divided the contents.

"You can take the bag, that goes with your half. As fer me," he added, in a voice that wavered in spite of himself, "I'll do what I'd a done if you'd 'a robbed me. I'll stay awhile longer with the mountains an' the river. They're uncertain sometimes, an' sometimes they're dangerous, but mostwise they're better'n men."

Billy vaguely appreciated the nature of the man with whom he was dealing, yet he felt that such nobleness required some acknowledgment. He sprang forward, and tried to grasp the old man's hand.

"No, no—not that!" cried Tom fiercely. "Don't touch me. The gold is yours. Take it and go. But go quickly, Billy—fer God knows—I'm only human."

LEAVENWORTH MACNAE.

Hoax—Who is that sanctimonious-looking woman? Joax—She's president of the S. P. D. N. T. M. of Boston. "What's that?" "Society to Prevent the Display of Naked Turkeys in Market."



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## Anecdotal.

A Scottish minister, who was indefatigable in looking up his flock, one day waited upon a parishioner and said to him: "Richard, I have seen ye at the kirk for some time, and wad like to know the reason." "Weel, sir," answered Richard, "I have three decided objections to goin'. First, I dinna believe in being whaur yin daes a' the talkin'; secondly, I dinna believe in seein' nuckle singin'; an', thirdly, an' in conclusion, 'twas there I got my wife." The minister was dumb.

In the House of Commons there is a member who is especially obnoxious to the Chancellor of the Exchequer, Sir Michael Hicks Beach. A little fussy, a little sanctimonious, a little of a bore, the member went in to indignantly remonstrate with Sir Michael over some real or fancied wrong. He came out looking pale and aghast, and having no time to collect his thoughts, blurted out: "Well, I have been insulted before, but this is the first time in my life that anybody has called me a d—d canting solicitor!"

In the biography of William Stokes, written by his son, which has just appeared in London, the story is told of how Stokes was sent over to Dublin during the great famine to show the people how to make soup. He asked a starving beggar why she did not go and get some of the soup that was being freely distributed. "Soup, is it, your honor?" said the woman; "sure it isn't soup at all." "And what is it, then?" enquired Stokes. "It is nothin', your honor, but a quart of water billed down to a pint, to make it strong!"

Lord Shaftesbury tells the following story of his uncle, Lord Melbourne: When the Queen became engaged to Prince Albert, she wished him to be made King Consort by Act of Parliament, and urged her wish upon the Prime Minister, Lord

Melbourne. At first the sagacious man simply evaded the point, but when Her Majesty insisted upon a categorical answer, "I thought it my duty to be very plain with her. I said 'For G—'s sake let's hear no more of it, ma'am; for if you once get the English people into the way of making kings, you will get them into the way of unmaking them.'"

At one period during the rebellion there were no less than seventy-four major-generals and two hundred and seventy-six brigadiers on the rolls, far more than there was any use for. On one occasion, when one of these superfluous generals was captured by the enemy, with a number of men and horses, somebody undertook to console with President Lincoln on the subject, remarking that the loss of the captured general's service was a great misfortune to the government. "Pooh!" replied Lincoln, "I can make another brigadier-general in two minutes. But horses are scarce, and cost two hundred dollars apiece."

At Camp Thomas, Chickamauga, soon after Colonel Andrew Burt was promoted to the coloncy of the Twenty-Fifth Colored Regiment, he informed his troops that they would have to play ball an hour each day, in order to get accustomed to the Southern sun. "Now," said the Colonel, "you boys come out and we will take a turn at ball-playing. I'm going to play with you. I'm not Colonel Burt while playing, but simply Andy Burt. Now, play ball." It soon came the Colonel's turn at the bat, and with a vicious swipe he drove the ball hard past second for three bags. A large, greasy, black soldier was coaching, and yelled as the Colonel made a dive for first: "Run, Andy; run, you tallow faced, knock-kneed, daber-gasted son of a gun; get your three bags!" The Colonel stopped at first, turning on his heel, returned to the home plate, and donning his straps, remarked: "I'm Colonel Burt from this time on, or until further orders."

The manager of the Electrical Exposition in Philadelphia asked Mr. Edison to send on a phonographic cylinder setting forth some of his latest ideas of electrical interest. Mr. Edison complied in his own way. The message was as follows: "MY DEAR MARKS,—You asked me to send you a phonographic cylinder for your lecture this evening and to say a few words to the audience. I do not think the audience would take any interest in dry scientific subjects, but perhaps they might be interested in a little story that a man sent me on a phonographic cylinder the other day from San Francisco. In the year 1873 a man from Massachusetts came to California with a chronic liver complaint. He searched all over the coast for a mineral spring to cure the disease, and finally he found one in the San Joaquin Valley a spring, the waters of which almost instantly cured him. He thereupon started a sanitarium, and people all over the world came and were quickly cured. Last year this man died, and so powerful had been the action of the waters that they had to take his liver out and kill it with a club. Yours truly, Edison."

## Taking Care of the Girls.

Heard on the Wheel.

"DEAR ME!" sighed a mother. "It's a good thing you have no girls to take care of. They would worry your life out." I know what she meant, for three young maidens were her responsibility, and when she wasn't fretting them they were fretting her. And it struck me that the notion of a mother having to take care of three grown-up daughters was exceedingly mistaken and absurd. The girl of eighteen in this country, if she has the right kind of a mother, ought to be able to take care of herself and the most casual supervision is all that should be necessary. The proper sort of mother will have told her daughter long before that time such things as her experience has taught her may be told. The proper sort of mother will have taught her girl, not the value of a rich husband or a diamond tiara, but the value of a high-minded and pure-souled woman, the best thing grown in this or any age.

The right sort of mother will have convinced her daughter that the most trivial thought of her young mind is of infinite value and interest to her, the mother, and that nothing on top of the earth, from the habitation of Mars to the proper darning of a stocking, may not be discussed between them. When the girl is out of sorts with the weariness of growing up, the mother will give her comfort and rest, and peace in high ideals and inspirational suggestions. If our mothers were half as anxious that their daughters should have a clear and satisfactory idea of what they are and may be as they are that they should not catch cold, there would sweep through the whole feminine world so pure and life-giving a breath that the men outside would wonder if they were passing a field of white clover in their spirit-prows. Our girls are the very most precious things we have—when they are the daughters of the right kind of mothers they are the greatest power on earth, and they ought to be so. It is not the fault of the girl when her mother has to watch her, to restrict her liberty, to agonize about her speech or action. Once give the girl a correct estimate of her own value, a sense of her personal dignity, and a warm goodwill to and respect for the other half of the human race, and she needs no chaperone more than her own personality. In the eyes of the world she differs little from the horse of girls who need care and watchful eyes, but her mother knows that no man living can overstep that invisible line which protects her, and that if one be so obtuse or so cross as to try, there waits for him a set-back that will take the starch out of his collar and the curl out of his hair. When the girl tells her mother, which she will do as soon as the chance offers, she will shamelessly relate about



The Bicycleist's Ideal—What may be expected in the future.—Fliegende Blätter.

the man's Waterloo; and very nice girls will be apt to make motherly little excuses for him, as for a bad child who knows little. And they will frankly accept his amends, should he offer them, for they believe the best of man and want to help even a scamp to get on. As for the man, he will doubt, naturally, for he has been very likely versed in a different type; he will shrug his shoulders and inwardly jeer that girl for a prude and a pouter; and when he grows wiser he will turn to her with a glow of trust and respect and admiration that will make him a fit Adam for a waiting Eve.

I know of nothing that reconciles one to growing older than everyone one knows more than the pleasure and the power of helping some young thing over hard places through which one has broken a way with tears of blood for oneself. Truly, each soul must buy its own experience, but there are bargain counters, and we are wise who get our experience thereat, and are happy to point out snags to our girl friends. It is a fact that experience is worth all we pay for it, but what a bankrupt lot it makes of some of us. Eden's gates shut with a bang behind us, and the getting back into Paradise must be past the flaming sword that turns every way. It isn't a summer pastime healing those burns, I can tell you!

"Which would you rather be, a cynic or a fool?" enquired the Professor. "I've never tried being a cynic," carefully responded the woman who was oiling her bicycle. "The company would be smaller, but then I don't dislike a crowd, I think, perhaps, it would be, on the whole, more comfortable to be a fool." The Professor shut up his pump with a snap. "That tire is hard as nails," he said. "Cynics are the biggest fools on earth. Let us be the other kind." And they laughed at each other as they spun away, for they both knew they were already hopelessly the other kind.

"Bravery," said the Professor, "should be rewarded, for bravery isn't a sudden thing. It is the blossoming of an aloe. The century bloom on a tree of character. Show me a brave man—one who has learned how to meet life's reverses or griefs or tragedies or emergencies, and I will show you years of training, days of self-denial, hours of suffering and moments of despair. It is a great pity we have so few really brave men. Good heavens! what shall I do? My tire's punctured." "Be brave," whispered the woman daintily. LADY GAY.

## Sleeplessness, Mental and Physical Fatigue.

Go hand in hand. The waste of the body that ought to be restored by rest and sleep suffers increasing diminution; then loss of strength and vigor of body and mind follows. It is in this class of diseases that the marvelous properties of Maltine with Coca Wine are most markedly exhibited. It penetrates to the very sources of vital action, invigorates the nervous centers, impresses by its medicinal power and the digestive functions stimulated to increased and more efficient action. This imparts to the whole system the much needed impulses, the nerves are soothed from a state of irritability to one of repose—sleep, with all its beneficent influences, comes back to lend its aid to the process of restoration. Digestion keeps pace with the improvement of appetite, and in a short time the nervous, miserable sufferer regains his old time vigor and the capability to enjoy life and all its affairs. Maltine with Coca Wine is sold by all druggists.

First Statesman—I see that you were interviewed at length yesterday. Second Statesman (surprised)—Is that so? But, now I think of it, I did find a reporter's card when I got home.—Life.

Officer (to recruit): Miller, I believe you would have fallen off your horse if you had been a centaur!—Fliegende Blätter.

## Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup.

For over fifty years Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup has been used by mothers for their children's colic, teething, and all the ailments of infancy. It is a safe and reliable remedy, and is sold by all druggists. It is a safe and reliable remedy, and is sold by all druggists. It is a safe and reliable remedy, and is sold by all druggists.

## Correspondence Coupon.

The above Coupon must accompany every graphological study sent in. The Editor requests correspondents to observe the following Rules: 1. Graphological studies must consist of at least six lines of original matter, including several capital letters. 2. Letters will be answered in their order, unless under unusual circumstances. Correspondents need not take up their own and the Editor's time by writing reminders and requests for haste. 3. Quotations, scraps or postal cards are not studied. 4. Please address Correspondence Column. Enclosures unless accompanied by Coupons are not studied.

LACRA.—You are frank, adaptable, pleasant-tempered, truthful, and rather sympathetic. Generosity and good judgment are shown, a generally even temperament, and some ambition to rise. When you take an idea into your head it is apt to stay there, and you have very good perseverance, and are long-sighted and deliberate.

SEMA.—A very sensible, careful and plausible person, practical, persevering and hopeful. You are sympathetic, discreet, and very fond of beauty and harmony in your surroundings. I think your theory is rank. Better be original, even though accurate and old. So only will you grow and make progress. It is you, not the shadow of someone else, that counts. Don't let anyone influence you overmuch. That's your weakness.

APRIL.—You are smart and individual, very well able to take care of yourself, and of bright and quick mentality. If people let you alone to do things your own way you will do well. You are not open to emotional influences, but have considerable kindness and like to help a friend. You don't care much for the impressions you make, believe in speaking your mind, and would be much improved by gentler and more refined methods.

I. X. L.—It is a frank, honest hand, not endowed with much finesse, and incapable of devious ways. Writer is affectionate, somewhat impressionable, apt to judge by appearances, and to over-value a showy personality. Good logical powers, and a very persevering mind, practical and generally materialistic. I fancy this study belongs to a very young or very slowly developing person. It shows good discretion, and I should be apt to trust its owner.

C. E. S.—Your mind and impulse are inclined to be flighty; your tendency is ambitious, and temperamental hopeful and buoyant. It is not the writing of a stable or settled character, and you badly need peace and concentration. Bright perception and impatience of control, and exceeding haste in speaking your mind, and to over-value a showy personality. Good logical powers, and a very persevering mind, practical and generally materialistic. I fancy this study belongs to a very young or very slowly developing person. It shows good discretion, and I should be apt to trust its owner.

P. N. H.—You humbug! You know you're nice. Your study shows snap and decision in every line and a tendency to pessimism often seen in very strong natures. Will is firm, and while you are not afraid to speak your mind you temper justice with mercy. You are exceedingly tenacious and it is impossible to convince you against your will. Back and energy, impulse, often impatient of slower natures and inclined to distrust devious ways, pride of character and a generally magnetic and dominant personality are shown. You might do an unkind but you could not do a stupid action.

M. O. S.—So sorry not to have answered you sooner. I liked Simon Denny very much; hope you did also. Now Rassenfeld is dead and Rupert of Hentzau also, we may perhaps get another tip from Anthony Hope, whose stories have pleased us so well. You must read Rupert of Hentzau. It's quite a novel. 2. Your writing shows far too great a tendency to be influenced by persons and circumstances, but it is an attractive study, gentle, loquacious and refined. You are condescending and an idealist, believing the best of everyone. Certainly you do need a bit more backbone. Perhaps you're quite young.

G. S. N. S.—You are one of my people, so far as accident of date goes, but have much of the inflammable nature of the sign preceding. Between Leo and Virgo there is sympathy and strife at one time. If you like your profession you are sure to succeed in it, and my only suggestion is go slow, be prudent, and never be tempted to take advantage of a certain opportunity it will give you. At present your nature is not settled, but its tendencies are all the right way. You are not markedly disposed to be influenced either by men or women. There is talent, dash and impulse of rather a headlong sort. The August people often split on that rock. Their nature sways their will; perhaps it would give you some better guidance to study a book by Mrs. Kirk Ames, The Influence of the Zodiac on Human Life. Her address is: 686 Greene Avenue, Brooklyn, and the price of the book is one dollar.

H. A. T.—This is a hard matter, my dear. If you can't love the man who loves you, so much the worse for him. Don't let it wear upon you. It's not your affair, and don't be such an idiot as to try to force an affection. With

my wit and wisdom I cannot tell you how to banish thoughts of an unworthy person. If you are strong enough you can control your thoughts; if not, they will rule you. So take a tonic and develop strength. It is an absurdity to ask me to prop you up. And I can't, anyhow. Consider that your nature reveals itself in what it likes, and perhaps you won't be so ready to brand the "unworthy object." 2. Your writing is very good, and shows force, loquacity, want of caution, and an impulsive and slightly selfish nature. You are crude and hasty in judgment and lack culture and reserve; in fact, narrowly escape being vulgar. That you do escape it, and that I call your writing good in spite of these undesirable traits I have mentioned, should convince you that you have the stuff in you to be a noble woman, and should use your splendid powers in a high resolve to perfect a very undeveloped personality. Do you remember the rhyme about the little girl who had a curl on her forehead, and who "When she was good, was very good, but when she was bad—she was horrid?" That's you.

## Latin and Anglo-Saxon Sailors.

San Francisco Argonaut.  
LAST week witnessed two disasters at sea that present a striking contrast. On the morning of July 4 the British sailing-vessel Cromartyshire collided with the French liner La Bourgogne during a dense fog. It does not appear that either vessel was to blame for the collision, though it is reported that the French vessel was steaming along at the rate of seventeen knots—a high speed under the circumstances. In the loss of life the disaster was one of the most terrible of modern times. La Bourgogne carried seven hundred and fourteen passengers and crew, and of these only one hundred and sixty-four were saved. The scenes enacted on the vessel after the collision almost surpass belief. The captain and some of the officers are praised by the survivors for their coolness and their efforts to save some of those committed to their care, but it is evident that they were able to preserve no discipline at all.

The capacity of the boats and life-rafts was sufficient to have saved all on board; the time elapsing between the first alarm and the sinking of the vessel is variously estimated at from fifteen to thirty-five minutes. Even the shorter period would have sufficed to get everybody clear of the wreck had proper discipline been maintained. It matters not whether the crew of the vessel or the Austrian sailors in the steerage were the first to beat the passengers back from the boats. It was the duty of the officers and the crew to prevent any overt acts by the steerage passengers. There is abundance of evidence to the effect that the passengers were driven back from the boats with knives and clubs; that those struggling in the water, when they attempted to climb into the boats, were beaten with oars, forcibly thrust back into the water, and hacked with knives, to force them to release their hold. A boat, containing forty women and no men or oars, was left attached to the vessel, to be drawn down with it; a rope to which five women were clinging was cut loose, and they were abandoned to their fate. The whole horrible story is summed up in the fact that one hundred and five of the crew were saved, while only fifty-nine of the vastly greater number of passengers escaped a watery grave.

Two nights later the Cunard line steamship Catalonia, carrying two hundred and fifty passengers, was discovered to be on fire. The scene on this vessel presented a most striking contrast to that on La

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Now as associated with leather dressings the name PACKARD serves as a beacon.  
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**First-Class Pianos**  
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Nothing could be farther from the fact. We sell first-class pianos at very reasonable prices, and our terms of payment are sufficiently elastic to suit almost anyone.  
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Bourgogne. The crew rushed to their places, the passengers were calmed and reassured, the steerage-passengers, among whom a panic was imminent, were confined to their quarters, hatches were torn off, the burning cotton was brought on deck, and the fire was extinguished. It broke out again two nights later, but was again extinguished with the same admirable discipline and heroism. The vessel was saved, and not a soul was lost.

Playing Euchre With a Woman.  
"Whose play is it?"  
"Who took that trick?"  
"What's trumps?"  
"What was led?"  
"Whose ace is that?"  
"Did I take that?"  
"What's trumps?"  
"Is it my play?"  
"That's the left bower, isn't it?"  
"Is that mine?"  
"Ain't you got a club?"  
"What's trumps?"  
"Did they euchre us?"  
"How many did we make?"  
"Whose deal is it?"

**See That You Get It**  
**MONSIEUR INDO-CEYLON TEA**

## Rare Playing Cards

"The Jubilee Edition" of Playing Cards from Goodall's was thought to have been exhausted.  
The plates were destroyed, and Mr. Goodall informed Mr. Tyrrell that the cards were at a premium.  
From an English house we have been able to get a limited number of packs. They are richly colored and of historic interest.  
We will sell them for 96c per package. They will be worth twice that amount in a year or so.

Wm. Tyrrell & Co.,  
The Bookshop,  
No. 8 King Street West.



Art in Dress.

THE following appeal came from the editor of a ladies' journal to a leading art periodical. We commend it to the consideration of our lady readers, for on its own assumption they are the only ones to whom it applies, although the art has not as a matter of fact been entirely monopolized by ladies:

We beg you to draw the attention of your women readers to the present extraordinary dearth of fashion artists. Here is a calling which, far from being over-crowded, is neglected and almost ignored. Of the few women who devote themselves to it, the mediocre can always be sure of constant employment, and the accomplished can ask their own terms and refuse work right and left. I give you my word that at times it is practically impossible for me to place commissions satisfactorily, and that I can never rely upon getting sketches done to time. Fashion drawing is well paid. I pay as much to a fashion artist for a single figure as to an ordinary illustrator for a complete illustration of a story. There are a number of young women who make from £500 to £1,000 a year by drawing fashions, and at least one who makes over £1,000. I am aware that the drawing of fashions has little relation to any art. When an artist begins upon fashions she must forget all she has learnt in the life room and proceed upon a convention as *naïve* as it is absurd. Nevertheless I have thought it probable that some of the girl students who read your invaluable magazine—men are useless—would be glad to know that a good living can be made at the business of fashion drawing—a business not difficult to learn if the aspirant is content to obey instructions.

We who are the "consumers" and not the "producers" in this world of fashion, and before whose somewhat astonished gaze pass the ever-changing array of modes of all kinds, seldom, if ever, are troubled with the thought of the outlay of brain and muscle essential to this interesting pastime. We take it with much philosophic calmness. Indeed, we rather expect it, and feel ourselves somewhat aggrieved if there is no new departure from the last season's habit. Nay, more. When we have selected from this medley that which we would fain believe is specially adapted to the fashion of our physical form, we, by some unstated or unsteady process of reasoning, come to identify it so with ourselves as to make us believe it was always in some way ours. We say "my blouse" and "my seven-gored skirt" with a distinct sense of proprietorship because, forsooth, we have paid our shillings for it, although the

original thought of their conception would never have occurred to us.

Our demand, too, is well-nigh insatiable. Change we must have, and perhaps there is merit in this. It may only be that our hat shall be tilted on this side and not on that as was our wont formerly, or some similar trifling change. We will have none of monotony, all forgetful, it may be, of the inside power and machinery which keeps this array ever in motion, until some voice from the internal organism is heard, as on this occasion, when it comes in the form of a demand for fashion creators. Why, we never thought they were created! Our dressmaker and milliner show us a mode when we are needing change, and so we are supplied and that is the end of it. To the conscientious artist the question comes: Is it a calling worthy of me as an individual? Is it worthy of my art? Shall I, myself, degenerate mentally, and shall I belie my art? There is a hint in the appeal of both questions being answered in the affirmative. "Forgetting all she has learned in the life-room," and "absurd convention." Now we venture to believe that an artist will neither lose her art nor her mental status in fashion-creating if she will view her occupation in a serious light. For, many good people to the contrary notwithstanding, fashion has a serious side—a very serious side. The artist who can create—create, mind—beautiful lines and shapes and adapt them to the human form to produce effects of beauty and harmony, is possessed of brains, and the artist who can do this in accordance with the laws of hygiene, economy and utility, has more brains. There is scope for talent here, and there is perpetual occupation, for nature may fail, but fashion never.

We lack individuality in our dress, and picturesqueness as well. Its aim is surely to reveal character. It is an accessory, not a principal motive, and herein lies its offence in the eyes of some, in that its claims are made an *end*, not merely a means. And costumes, to be beautiful, should be as varied as are characters. They should accentuate the distinguishing characteristics of each individual; they should be our name. And yet how far we are from this! One elects to wear a certain mode suitable to express her. Immediately fall into line a long procession of imitators, caricaturing and making hugely ridiculous the original. And how little picturesqueness! I believe we know very little, practically, of the stimulus given to the art-life of a country by the constant varied display of beautiful forms, publicly or privately. This was one of the main causes of the art-life in Italy, Greece and Venice. It gave inspiration to the painter, and especially to the sculptor. It stimulates design and so enriches a country commercially. And if the law of heredity holds good in the art-world, it has much to do with the beautiful faces and forms of a succeeding generation. We are all straight lines, and angles, and jerks, and compactness, and have little of the sweep, and flow, and freedom, and grace of true art, certainly in our dress before the public, although we will admit our dress should assist, not impede, our occupations.

As to the influence of dress upon society, we believe the state is, and society is, as women make it. Isaiah was a great statesman, the Gladstone of his time, and he seemed to see a vital connection between the dress and manners of the women of his time and the public morality. He had grave and weighty political matters under his consideration, yet he thought this question of sufficient importance to give a whole chapter to the consideration of it. The influence of dress on ourselves mentally and on those around us is immense. We have no more right to be ugly and slovenly than we have to be immoral. One helps the other. It is every woman's duty to be as beautiful as she can be, and if Dame Nature has been stingy in giving her charms she should call art to her aid, certainly, when it is art.

In the home particularly, where there are those who love us most, and especially among the young, whose souls delight in beauty if they are left to their own will, there should be attention paid to dress, and yet it is true that far more effort is spent keeping up the stock of designs for society's pleasure than for the home use? Do not let us be slaves to public opinion. There is another aspect to the dress question, an aspect found so serious in some quarters in the past as to call for legislation on the subject. Rome complained of the money paid out to foreign hostile powers for jewels. England legislated at different times as to what was to be worn and what not to be, because of the foolish imitation by the poor of those whose means permitted richer goods. We have heard it rumored in modern times that financial bankruptcy has overtaken some because of an extravagant and short-sighted use of dress; but this must have been a gentleman sinner. At any rate it was the gentleman who suffered. Women are surely not so weak-minded and silly as to sin for the sake of being like others. And of course that is not a point in this discourse, for imitation of others is not art, and we are speaking of art in dress. It has almost invariably been a departure from real art, vulgar ostentation, overloading, and chieftain quite out of harmony with art, whose chief charm lies in simplicity, of all things. Seeing, then, that dress is really a very important factor in human life, and seeing that it is certainly not within the power of every woman to be her own artist in the matter, how reasonable that there should be a number who can give time and brains to it and keep us posted as to what is really beautiful. We will have fashion anyway, so let it be the most beautiful to be had. Go to, then, lady artists, and create for us. And in addition to being a public benefactor, think of £1,000 a year!

A French painter one day visited the Salon in Paris in company with a friend who was a member of the Committee of Selection, and who had been instrumental in securing the acceptance of the painter's work by the Committee. When the artist came near his picture he exclaimed ex-

Example and Precept.



Ma dear—No, dears, it's not fit for you to read. Chorus—What are you reading it for, then? Ma dear—To find out whether I ought to have let you read it.

actly: "Good gracious, you're exhibiting my picture the wrong side up!" "Hush," was the reply of his friend—"the committee refused it the other way!"

At the International Exhibition in London, Whistler, who organized the show, is the great attraction. A Scotchman dropped into the show one day and stopped before the remarkable portrait which the artist has made of himself. Whistler was standing by, and the Scot addressed him: "It's like my ain brother," he said, "an' I'd like to purchase, if the price isn't too much." He was told the price—£2,500. After a long interval the astonished Caledonian turned to the painter and said: "A weel, I suppose ye have a portekleer desire to keep this picture, wherefore ye name this reedekulous feogur of £2,500. But ye kin easily do anither, and I wouldn't mind giving ye £50 cash. Come now, is it a go?"

JEAN GRANT.

The Bells of Old Saint George's.

Over Welland's winding vale,  
Down its grassy gorge,  
Float ye many a tuneful tale,  
Bells of Old Saint George's.  
Throbbed through Saint Catharines,  
Glad your music mingled;  
Where ten thousand garden scenes  
Girdle happyingle.  
For your drifting echoes take  
Flight upon the breezes;  
Dying where the distant lake  
Dons its deepening haze.  
Faint and plaintive, word for word,  
Over the lone tide-stooling,  
"Hark, my soul, it is the Lord,  
Sounds your sacred pealing."  
Holy Psalm-tunes, one by one,  
To the "Tar" you mention,  
Till each quaint familiar tone  
Rivets his attention:  
While towards his native spot  
Turns a better creature;  
Crying: "In the bells I've got  
Bible, choir and preacher."  
Homeless ones beside the way,  
Soiled with dust and weary,  
Also love to list your lay,  
Sooth'd with chimings cheery.  
Summer, winter, autumn, spring,  
Daily, monthly, yearly,  
Free to all ye always ring,  
Rarely, clearly, dearly.

ERNEST E. LEIGH.

St. Catharines, Ont., July 28.

Angling Notes.

Mr. Reginald Northcote, the big hop dealer of this city, is an enthusiastic sportsman, and whether with rod or gun, he is an excellent performer. Like many other genuine sportsmen he is fond of taking his wife along with him on his angling trips, and I happen to know that on several occasions she substantially proved herself the better half by catching the most fish, and the biggest ones, too. There is one thing that Mr. Northcote always takes along on his numerous excursions; he would as soon go fishing without bait, or hunting without ammunition as to go without a stock of "Bovril." He pronounces it the most invigorating pick-me-up that ever a man hooked to when he turns out for an early start, and at night, after a long day's sport, he has always found it a wonderful invigorator.

Canada's Share in Imperial Defence.

Canadian Gazette.

Mr. Howard d'Elvile uses the columns of the *Pall Mall Gazette* to emphasize once again the notorious fact that Canada, like South Africa, contributes nothing in hard cash to the cost of the upkeep of the British navy, "upon which the existence of the British Empire depends." Granted. But to restate an old point—why does he completely ignore the other side of the account? Why not frankly admit that in other ways Canada "off her own bat," and without calling for a farthing from the British taxpayer's pocket, has rendered invaluable aid in this very matter of Imperial defence? Is Mr. Howard d'Elvile quite unaware of the existence of an Imperial highway to the East, which was brought into being at a cost which Canada bore alone and wholly unaided? The cause of effective Imperial unity for defensive purposes is retarded rather than assisted by glaring failure to acknowledge facts which must in the nature of things affect the whole problem.

A little girl says she knows what drawing is. "You just think something and then run a line around your think."

"Brethren," said a well known bishop the other day in the course of a sermon, "I beg of you to take hold of your own heart and look it straight in the face."

A Sure Cure for Consumption.

There is no such thing. Scott's Emulsion assisted by glaring failure to acknowledge facts which must in the nature of things affect the whole problem.

Friends in Need.

Sacramento Bee.

A DOUBLE house was recently moved from Powell street, San Francisco, concerning which an old settler tells an interesting story. He says that two young men from New York State, who had been to school together, arrived in San Francisco early in the "fifties." Black went to the mines, and Gray remained in the city, and with a small sum, fitted out a little store. He prospered, married, had children. Then came a big reverse. He found himself in a tight place from which nothing but fifteen thousand dollars would extricate him. He went among his friends to raise the money, but they had none to give him. And then, as he turned a street corner sharply, he ran into Black's arms. He told him his trouble, and gave him all his history during the ten years they had been separated.

"I have the money," said Black; "but \$15,000 justizes my pile. I am tired of mining and hoped to settle down here and get into some business, but you can have it, my dear fellow, and I'll take a whack at pick and rocker again."

Gray took the money and Black returned to the mountain. In the course of that year the merchant made a lucky turn and sent the miner his money with ample interest. Then they ceased to correspond, and the last the merchant heard of his friend was that he was about to marry and move into a new mining district.

Five years afterward the miner and his family returned to San Francisco. Black was dead broke. Everything had gone wrong with him. His mining speculations had failed, the mines he had discovered petered out, the men he had trusted deceived him, and he had about \$50 remaining of a once ample fortune. He hunted up his friend Gray, who was of course delighted to see him. "And I don't see anything for me to do, old man," said the despondent miner, "except to get a job shoveling sand, if you can help me to one."

"I have just moved into a handsome house on Powell street," said Black, "and I want you to come and dine with me to-morrow evening. It is a double house, finished about a week ago."

The miner was on time, with his shabby dressed wife and little ones. "You did well sticking to the town," he remarked to his old school-fellow. "Here you are way up as a merchant, living in a fine house, all your own, with a bank account as long as my arm, I suppose."

Before dinner they visited the adjoining house, which was furnished in precisely the same style as the merchant's dwelling. Then they sat down, chatted over old times until the lateness of the hour warned the miner and his wife that it was time to return to their lodging-house.

"All right, my boy," said Gray, "but just step next door; there is something I wish to show you which I neglected on our first visit." When they entered the hall Black halted. "Here," he said, "that looks like my trunk."

"Nonsense," said Gray, "come up stairs to this bedroom."

"Why," said the miner, looking about him, "confound you, you have moved all my traps up here from that lodging-house."

"Aye, have I, my friend?" shouted the other, slapping him on the shoulder. "Where should a man keep his things but in his own house, and what part of the house better than in his own bedroom?" Black was bewildered, and began to have doubts of his friend's sanity, but when his friend thrust a deed of this very house into his hand, and followed with a deed of copartnership in his business, he broke down and cried like a child.

"And now we are moving away this old house, sir, to another quarter," said the narrator of this remarkable tale of gratitude and friendship, "but I would not take a hundred thousand dollars for it." It was Black himself who told the story, now a most successful merchant.

Theory vs. Practice.

He was a country telegraph operator, young but ambitious, and had become enthused over reading a book entitled: *Politeness as a Guide to Success*.

LABATT'S INDIA PALE ALE

Is an excellent nutrient tonic. Physicians desiring to prescribe will hardly find anything superior to this. —Health Journal.  
"We find that the Ale uniformly well agreed with the patients, that it stimulated the appetite, and thereby increased nutrition. The taste likewise was highly spoken of. In nervous women, we found that a glass at bedtime acted as a very effective and harmless hypnotic." —Superintendent of large United States Hospital.

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With Hot Water Combination if desired.  
Famous Florida for Coal  
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The distance the heat has to travel compels its utmost radiation, and consequently insures great heating power with economy of fuel.  
Exceptionally heavy fire pot fitted with either flat or duplex grate. Large ash pit.  
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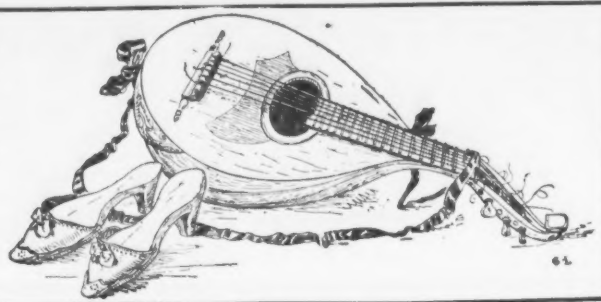
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## MUSIC



The comments which have recently appeared in these columns relative to the proposed Canadian examination schemes of the Associated Board of the Royal Academy of Music and the Royal College of Music, continue to arouse considerable discussion in prominent English journals. It is satisfactory to note that much that has been written in England on this subject since SATURDAY NIGHT undertook to expose the weakness of the proposed English examinations for Canada, has been in support of the views expressed by this journal. That the musical fossils of the Old Land are not all dead yet, however, is shown by contributions concerning the matter from several writers whose sublime innocence and assurance is only equaled by the pathetic appeal which was made to the Canadian people some time ago by Mr. Samuel Atten, secretary of the Associated Board, in a letter to leading Canadian papers, in which there appeared considerable amusing twaddle about "imperial federation," "art," "loyalty," "philanthropy," and similar catch-penny phrases. The merriment which was created throughout Canada by Mr. Atten's letter, especially when the requirements of the Associated Board were published in these columns, and its business scheme unfolded in all its beauty, has not yet abated. In a recent issue of the *Outlook* of London the matter is now discussed by two English writers from different points of view. One writer, whose childish simplicity will appeal to the sympathy of Canadian readers, writes on the *nonde plume* of "Musicians" and makes some references concerning a statement by a Toronto musician, which prove that in the case of Musicians at least the world has stood still since Mendelssohn's time. The statement he objects to as beyond his comprehension, and which appeared in SATURDAY NIGHT some months ago, is as follows: "It is rather laughable to imagine Canadians adapting themselves, for instance, to the antiquated notions of piano playing which prevail in England. As soon would we take our models in organ playing from Germany." Musicians asks for explicit explanation of the points touched upon in the paragraph quoted. He enquires, "What are our antiquated notions of piano-playing, and why that withering gibe at the expense of organ-playing from Germany? a country which has possessed two such competent organists in her time as Bach and Mendelssohn." It would perhaps be idle to attempt to explain in detail to such a hopeless case as Musicians the reason why Canadian music students who make a specialty of piano-playing, and who leave this country in large numbers annually for the purpose of studying in that branch under the most famous masters, are not attracted by the leading English musical institutions or instructors. It would, doubtless, be equally useless to go into particulars why the modern German school of organ-playing exerts little or no influence on this side of the Atlantic, despite the fact that in organ composition Germany has produced such mighty giants as Bach and Mendelssohn. This question has, however, so recently been discussed by several eminent foreign authorities, and the conclusions they arrive at are of a character so instructive that I take the liberty of reproducing them here. Mr. W. H. Hadow, M.A., in his able work on *Studies in Modern Music*, writes: "The third cause lies in our own inadequacy as performers. A generation ago Englishmen who played the piano were almost non-existent, and English women ended their education with the *Battle of Prague*. Even now the amateur level in this country is not very high, and we have as yet little chance of familiarizing ourselves with Beethoven and Schubert, and bringing them to our friendship. This is, of course, the principal reason why good Art is ever neglected. To appreciate the best music we must hear it often; to hear it often we must live with it; to live with it we must be in the company of those by whom it can be played and sung. At present we are like the guest in Juvenal, waiting, crust in hand, till the more generous viands make their appearance. No doubt the great concert and festival have done and are doing incalculable service; but these rare banquets lose a part of their efficacy if we only starve at home." If Mr. Hadow's picture has not been overdrawn, we on this side of the Atlantic are better able to appreciate the "art" value, for England, of the Associated Board's local examination schemes. These include, in some instances, the peddling of certificates to candidates who succeed in passing a test in piano-playing of the calibre of a Clementi Sonatinchen or a Duvernoy Etudelet. In Canada, however, public taste has long since advanced a stage beyond the condition of things here noted along the line of piano study. Although the most loyal of Her Majesty's subjects, it is not likely that the present atmosphere of "pianism" in England will prove a magnet to Canadian music students, of whom hundreds have studied and are studying in Europe in centers where this special branch of study has received greater attention than in the Motherland.

Approximate of the modern German school of organ-playing, which, like the work of modern German organ-builders, has failed to keep pace with the times, the eminent English organist, Mr. Frederic Archer, says: "The lack of orchestral character-

perpetuate the fine acoustical qualities of the old Institute Hall in the new one. If he does so he'll stand a chance of immortalizing himself.

To give my impressions of the performance of each number on the programme would take up too much space in your musical column, but it would be almost ungracious in me to overlook the performances of the vocal and instrumental soloists. The contralto, Mrs. Janion, has a clear tone and distinct enunciation—two excellent qualities—and won the appreciation of her audience; more, however, in her encore number, Sullivan's *Lost Chord*, than in her first selection, *The Tolders*, by Piccolini, which strikes me as a characterless, meaningless thing (I can scarcely call it a composition). Mrs. Janion, however, gave it a conscientious rendering, which is more than it deserves. Mrs. Green, of Nanaimo I believe, possesses a broad, rich, mezzo-soprano voice that was quite refreshing. Her method is good and her stage presence perfectly natural and free from mannerisms. Were she to infuse a little more animation, dramatic action, into her singing it would be all the more refreshing. Her method is good and her stage presence perfectly natural and free from mannerisms. Were she to infuse a little more animation, dramatic action, into her singing it would be all the more refreshing. Her method is good and her stage presence perfectly natural and free from mannerisms. Were she to infuse a little more animation, dramatic action, into her singing it would be all the more refreshing.

I noticed several venerable Roman Catholic priests among the audience, who were no less appreciative and demonstrative than the laity. This is as it should be. Why is it that the hand of religion, in the hands of our clergymen, is so often raised in vain? A little study should correct this fault. Mr. Powell's violin number, Mendelssohn's *Andante* from the violin concerto in E, op. 6, was excellently played and merited a well-deserved encore, which he got. A laughable little joke was played upon him to the no small amusement of the audience. When the last delicate pianissimo note at the end of the piece was being played, he suddenly seized the precious burden and, bearing it presented it to him. First he was not pleased, then he hesitated a minute and blushed almost to the color of the roses, then taking in the situation he manfully seized the precious burden and, bearing it presented it to him. First he was not pleased, then he hesitated a minute and blushed almost to the color of the roses, then taking in the situation he manfully seized the precious burden and, bearing it presented it to him.

The following letter from Mr. T. G. Mason, of the firm of Mason & Rich, who is at present in British Columbia, will be read with pleasure by all who feel an interest in the development of music in the most westerly portion of the Dominion:

DEAR MONTREAL:—I am exceedingly surprised to find that in this fair island city, this city of climbing roses, honey-suckles, jessamines and lilies, they possess a Philharmonic Society with an orchestra that would do no discredit to cities of much larger proportions. Certainly, I was not looking for orchestral organization and development so far remote from our larger Eastern musical centers, and my unexpected enjoyment in listening to their performance last night may possibly have warped my judgment a little, but I scarcely think so. The tone qualities of their various instruments, their promptness of attack and crispness of their playing, from first to last, was especially noticeable and gratifying, and leaves me little to offer but words of praise. Possibly, to be hypercritical, in one or two of the numbers the tempo was a little too slow, and in the finales to these numbers a little more snap and vigor might have been introduced with advantage, but this remark relates only to one or two of the numbers.

The orchestra is composed of thirty-one pieces, namely, six first violins, six second violins, two violas, two violoncellos, two contrabasses, two flutes, two oboes, two clarinets, two cornets, two horns, two trumpets and one drum. Although small in number they put in good work and played well together, evidencing careful rehearsal and minute attention to their score and the conductor's baton. The acoustic properties of the hall must not be passed unnoticed. They are excellent—so good, indeed, that little loss was experienced by reason of the limited number of the orchestra. I have rarely found a more perfectly resonant music hall. The tone of the various instruments was most clearly brought out. Certainly the hall is old-fashioned in style and appearance, but a little paint and decoration would brighten it up wonderfully. Should it ever be abandoned for a larger and more modern structure it is to be hoped that the musical citizens of Victoria will have some say in the matter and will demand that the architect (whoever he may be)

gloomy Faust Overture had been commenced. It was manifest that the veteran musician had a fine perception of the subtleties of rhythm and attached great importance to phrasing, and this, combined with a rare faculty of bringing out detail, caused the interpretation of the overture to be singularly clear and impressive. Such were also the features of the performance of the overture to Berlioz's opera, *Benvenuto Cellini*. The only other purely orchestral piece in a commendably short programme was Liszt's symphonic poem, *Orpheus*, which was received by Mr. Henry J. Wood at one of Mr. Robert Newman's promenade concerts at the Queen's Hall on October 9, 1894, and is a fine example of Liszt's skill in orchestration.

Mr. Henry Wolfsohn, the well known concert-manager of New York, sailed for home last week, after his customary annual visit to England and the Continent, says the *London Musical Courier* of June 21. Mr. Wolfsohn expressed himself as highly pleased with his short stay, and in answer to an enquiry said: "I have engaged Mr. Moriz Rosenthal as my chief artist for the forthcoming season, who, after making several appearances in England early in October, will sail from Liverpool on the 15th of that month and will remain until May, visiting all the principal cities of the United States. My other pianists will be Fr. Adele aus der Ohe, who returns for next season, and M. Siloti, who will be there from January to March. Among my violinists are Herr Fritz Kreisler, the Austrian, who will stay for the whole season, and Mr. Henri Marteau, who will remain during the spring only. Mr. Pfrangon-Davies will sing at the Worcester and Maine festivals in the autumn, afterwards re-visiting the States for the spring of 1899. Mr. Hugo Heinz, the German baritone, will also visit America, leaving England in January, and Mr. Whitney Mockridge leaves in December for the season. Mlle. Cecile Lorraine, the American soprano, who during the past year has been one of the leading artists of the Carl Rosa Opera Co., will be one of my chief attractions. I have also arranged with Arthur Nikisch to visit the United States in the spring of 1899, with the Philharmonic Orchestra of Berlin, provided a sufficient number of engagements can be guaranteed. I think the forthcoming season in America will be a good one, and, on the whole, the prospects seem favorable for a better season than we have had for years."

The following correspondence has been received:

Musical Editor *Saturday Night*.  
SIR,—I am a humble member of one of the best choirs connected with the Methodist Church in this city, and have taken more than a little pride in the great improvement which has taken place in the music of our church since our present choir-master and his organist took charge of this part of the service. Now, what I would like to know is this: What is your opinion of sermons in the congregation who write anonymous letters to the choir director and the organist, criticizing in very bad English sometimes, and always with disguised handwriting, the singing of the choir and the playing of the organist? Would you also say whether Freyer's Fantasia for organ in C minor is unsuitable for a postlude. The last anonymous letter received by our choir-master scored this piece as a monstrosity, and the writer nearly took a fit because it had been played in church.

Yours truly,  
T. G. MASON.  
The great success, in the role of orchestral conductor, of Herr Klindworth, the eminent Berlin piano pedagogue, at a recent concert given in London, came in the nature of a surprise to many who had not known of Herr Klindworth excepting as a teacher and writer. The *London Musical Times* says of his conducting: "Herr Klindworth received a hearty welcome on his appearance on the platform, which may be attributed to the widespread appreciation in England of his master-like arrangement for the piano-forte of the orchestral portion of Der Ring des Nibelungen, and of his fine editions of Beethoven's sonatas and Chopin's compositions, especially the last named, concerning which it may be remembered that Von Bulow wrote: 'I know of two ways only to learn Chopin's works properly, the first is to hear the great master Franz Liszt play them; the second, to study them in Karl Klindworth's edition.' Herr Klindworth was born in 1830, and he has not appeared in London since 1885; but whatever doubts may have existed concerning his abilities as a conductor were dismissed soon after Wagner's fine but

"All Flesh is Grass."  
LIFE  
The Winnipeg *Free Press* of July 19 contains the following complimentary references to an organ recital given in Grace Church on the previous evening by Mr. F. H. Torrington of this city: "Mr. Torrington has a very pleasing personality which goes a long way in making a recital enjoyable. His position before the king of instruments is much to be admired, as he exhibits no disposition to heighten effects by awkward positions. He was doubtless hampered somewhat on account of the lightness of the action of this organ, but the general effect was pleasing."

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Hooper, I.  
dren, M.  
J. Lenno  
Miss M.  
Mr. H.  
ling, M.  
Mr. W.  
Hill, M.  
and son  
Miss P.  
Mrs. P.  
Duncan  
McCallu  
Mr. New  
Mrs. A.  
of Toron  
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## Social and Personal.

Miss S. F. Smith of Victoria, B.C., a graduate of the Toronto College of Music, sailed on Thursday last by s.s. Pr. Reg. Luitpold from New York to pursue further studies in music at Leipzig under leading masters.

On Tuesday evening last a garden party was held under the auspices of the Young People's Society of the Dovercourt road Baptist church, in the grounds of Mrs. Arnold of Churchill avenue. It was a decided success. The grounds were very prettily decorated with Chinese lanterns, flags, etc.; the refreshment booths also brightened up the grounds considerably. The Dovercourt road S. S. orchestra supplied music during the evening which was highly appreciated. This orchestra is certainly making a name for itself in the west end. Altogether an enjoyable evening was spent by the large crowd that attended.

Mr. C. H. Wilson, the popular commodore of the Toronto Canoe Club, gave a most enjoyable dance in the Club House on Friday evening, July 22nd. This club has, without doubt, the prettiest club house on the water front, and it was gay with colored lights and bunting. The spacious club room, balcony and roof were thronged with dancers, the bright summer gowns of the ladies and boating costumes of white duck, etc., of the gentlemen making the scene unusually gay. A very large number availed themselves of the commodore's kind invitation, and the affair was certainly one of the most successful ever given at the Toronto Canoe Club. An innovation was introduced by interspersing the dances on the programme with musical numbers. Miss Gerlie Black, Mr. Bronnell, Mr. Black, Dr. Richardson, Mr. Baxter and the Victorian Quartette, all gave numbers which were well received and thoroughly appreciated. The commodore, assisted by Miss Wilson, made a charming host, and was untiring in his efforts to secure a good time for everyone. Some of the officers and older members of the club formed an impromptu reception committee and assisted in carrying out the arrangements for the evening. Supper was served in the gymnasium, which was charmingly decorated with flags and colored lights. An orchestra furnished delightful music, and this, with the many charming sitting-out spots a boating club house always affords, made the evening pass very quickly, and the guests dispersed in the early hours congratulating Commodore Wilson upon the very successful innovation he had introduced into the summer programme of the club.

Mr. and Mrs. Mason of Harr Hall have removed to 109 College street.

Miss Macdonald of North street has gone to the Thousand Islands and up the Saguenay, and will spend some time at Murray Bay, Tadoussac, and Chateau Frontenac, Quebec, before returning to town.

Dr. Walter F. Maybury of the retiring house-staff, Toronto General Hospital, and brother of Dr. Arthur Maybury, 253 Spadina avenue, has been appointed medical superintendent of the Protestant Hospital, Ottawa. Dr. Maybury took a good stand in both his arts course and in medicine at Toronto University, and goes highly recommended to his new position.

Mr. and Mrs. George Schofield of Parkdale, Miss Schofield, Miss Purvis, Master George Schofield, Mr. M. Hendrie and Mr. John T. Anderson are holidaying at the summer cottage of R. P. Penny at Rock Island, Muskoka Lake.

At Hotel Del Monte, Preston Springs, are registered: Miss Edith McCollum, Mr. C. E. Kyle, Mrs. Henry Jordan, Miss Macdonell and Mr. Ed J. Davidson, of Toronto; Rev. P. Lennon of Brantford, Rev. P. Cosgrove of Elora, Mrs. H. Joy of Orillia, Mrs. Alma and Miss Alma of Niagara-on-the-Lake; Miss Mary Bond, Miss Mary McConkey and Mrs. J. M. Bond of Guelph; Mr. and Mrs. Montgomery, Miss Montgomery, Miss Jessie C. Montgomery, Mr. and Mrs. McCaughan, Mr. David Walker, Mrs. Campbell, the Misses Carthy, Miss Graham, Mr. and Mrs. James Crocker, Mr. Charles E. Kyle, Mrs. J. E. Baillie, Miss Nan Baillie, Miss P. J. Baldwin, Mr. A. W. Campbell, Mrs. L. Contarie, Mr. W. Britton, Mr. Fred Britton, Mrs. W. L. Steiner, Miss Steiner, Capt. Johnson, Mr. H. B. Dwyer, Mr. Chas. J. Murphy, Miss C. Gooderham, Master Herbert Gooderham, Miss Hollingworth, Mrs. H. Bege, Mr. W. R. Bege and Rev. J. Pitt Lewis of Toronto; Mr. and Mrs. H. McLaren, Master H. McLaren of Montreal; Mr. and Mrs. John Challen of Hamilton; Mrs. L. Steinberger of New York, Mrs. Fairweather and Miss Fairweather of Peterborough; Mr. and Mrs. A. R. Metcalfe of Pasadena, Cal.; Mr. A. P. Pine of Dundas, Mr. Robinson Pine of Hamilton; Mrs. J. W. Allen, Mr. Thos. Laidlaw, Miss Laidlaw of Guelph; Mr. and Mrs. R. W. Fowlds and Miss Fowlds of Hastings.

The following guests are at Prospect House, Port Sandfield, Muskoka: Mr. and Mrs. Charles E. Musgrave, Dr. E. R. Hooper, Mrs. B. C. Webster and two children, Mrs. W. J. Henry, Mr. and Mrs. E. J. Lennox and family, Mr. and Mrs. May, Miss May, Miss Dallas, Miss V. Dallas, Mr. H. Dallas, Jr., the Misses Suckling, Miss Nicholson, Mrs. Carruthers, Mr. William Carruthers, Mr. Charles F. Hill, Mr. Percy Myles, Mrs. R. H. Greene and sons, Mr. and Mrs. W. J. McIntyre, Miss Pierson, Mr. W. Stuart, Mr. and Mrs. George I. Riddell, Mr. and Mrs. Duncan Hill, Mr. W. L. Hall, Mr. W. H. S. McCallum, Miss Taylor, Mr. W. M. Bright, Mr. Norman Peterson, Mr. K. R. Marshall, Mrs. A. H. Keith and Miss Susan Keith of Toronto; Miss May Tilling, Miss Lillie Stewart, Miss Insole, Mr. and Mrs. Edward Martin, Miss Amy Martin, Mr. Ralph King of Hamilton; Mr. Alexander Campbell of Sarnia; Mr. Leslie Duncan and Mr. Gordon Duncan of Brantford; Mr. and Mrs. R. C. Gillet of Gananoque; Mr.

and Mrs. R. M. Burns and children, Mr. and Mrs. R. H. Dignan and son of London; Miss Lee, Miss Alice Lee of Ottawa; Mr. W. H. Blinkhorn of Bristol, Eng.; Mrs. Bakewell, Miss Bakewell, Miss Mary Bakewell, Mrs. A. B. Chess and two sons, of Pittsburgh, Pa.; Mrs. Thomas Bakewell of Riverside, Cal.; Miss L. B. Keith of Newtonville, Mass.; Mr. C. R. Moreton of New Orleans, La.; Miss Gertrude Hofford, Mr. and Mrs. J. Russell Leonard, Mrs. A. Steiner, Miss Steiner of Chicago; Mr. Harry Livingstone of Charlestown, S. C.; Mr. Ralph Hees of Detroit; Mr. A. Arnold, Mr. W. Pate, Miss Hudson, Mrs. E. J. Blandin and daughter, of Cleveland; Mr. and Mrs. B. W. Gale and son, Mr. Charles W. Schmidt, Mrs. H. Mulhauser, daughter and son, Mr. Walter Rapp of Cincinnati, O.; Mrs. William H. Lee and family, and Mr. Louis Lumaghi of St. Louis, Mo.

Mrs. F. J. Nelson and Mrs. Albert M. Pringle and families are spending the summer at Jackson's Point.

Mrs. M. G. Johnstone, Miss Muriel Johnstone, Mr. and Mrs. Stewart E. Bruce are Torontonians enjoying the sea air at Ocean Grove, N.J.

Mr. Webster of the Bank of Montreal is away on his holidays.

Mr. and Mrs. J. Lonsdale Capreol are at the Atlantic Coast for a few weeks.

I hear Mr. W. Henry Smith, the manager of the Ontario Bank, did not leave for the coast last week with his wife, as was chronicled in two of our local papers. Mr. Smith left for the coast still in the possession of his bachelorhood, and as yet there is no fortunate lady.

Mrs. Capreol of Madison avenue is spending the summer with her daughter, Mrs. Humphrey, at Jackson's Point, where so many Toronto people are summering.

Miss Maud Gordon of Wellesley street left on Tuesday by the steamer Persia to spend a few weeks with friends at Montreal and Boston.

Mr. and Mrs. F. H. Kormann of Toronto have gone to Old Orchard Beach for their holidays. They will visit New York and other United States cities before they return.

Mr. and Mrs. Haldane of Jarvis street and Miss Newbatt of Adelaide street west are enjoying a most delightful visit with the Misses Naflet at their beautiful place, La Banque, Goderich.

The wonderful contortions of Mile, Victoria, and the side-splitting acts of the Chinese-hayseed combination on the trapeze, are delighting swarms of visitors at the Point.

Mrs. Denison and Miss Sasha Young are spending a few days at Big Bay Point, Lake Simcoe.

The Muskoka Lakes Association are getting things into shape for the annual regatta, which will be held this year at Port Sandfield. The prizes, which have been gotten up by Ellis & Co., are very pretty and appropriate. Some dainty silver trifles for the ladies, some handsome cups and bowls for the gentlemen, and on everything, even the ebony backs of the toilet brushes, is emblazoned the white pennant and its pretty maple leaf. The design is neat, chaste and fetching. The date of the regatta is, I believe, August 12.

## The Young Woman and the Physician.

"I am sure," said the hypochondriacal young woman to the physician, "that my complaint is a very complicated one. I suffer from muscular weakness after an exertion, a feeling of fullness in the stomach after meals, my feet tire from walking, and I can't sleep during the day. Do you think you understand my case?"

"Perfectly," replied the doctor, who could fix no relation between the symptoms at all.

"Perfectly," he repeated impressively, nodding his head with the air of a man who understands his business. This he did very artfully, for the doctor had lost none of the nerve acquired by watching the vivisection of innocent animals during his student days.

Then he wrote a prescription for salt water, which he gave to the young lady, with instructions to return in a week, so as to inform him of her progress; really, to refer to his books in the meantime.

But the doctor could find nothing to enlighten him in all his books. He cursed their inadequacy.

Presently the young lady returned. On her cheek was the bloom of health.

"I cannot be too grateful to you, doctor," she said joyously. "You have done me a world of good."

The doctor smiled contentedly.

His patient was cured. The brilliancy of the cure would warrant him charging for the case instead of for the number of visits; and already his mind was forming the outline of a paper to be read before the medical society on the therapeutic value of salt water in diseases of the stomach, insomnia, muscular rheumatism and varicose veins.

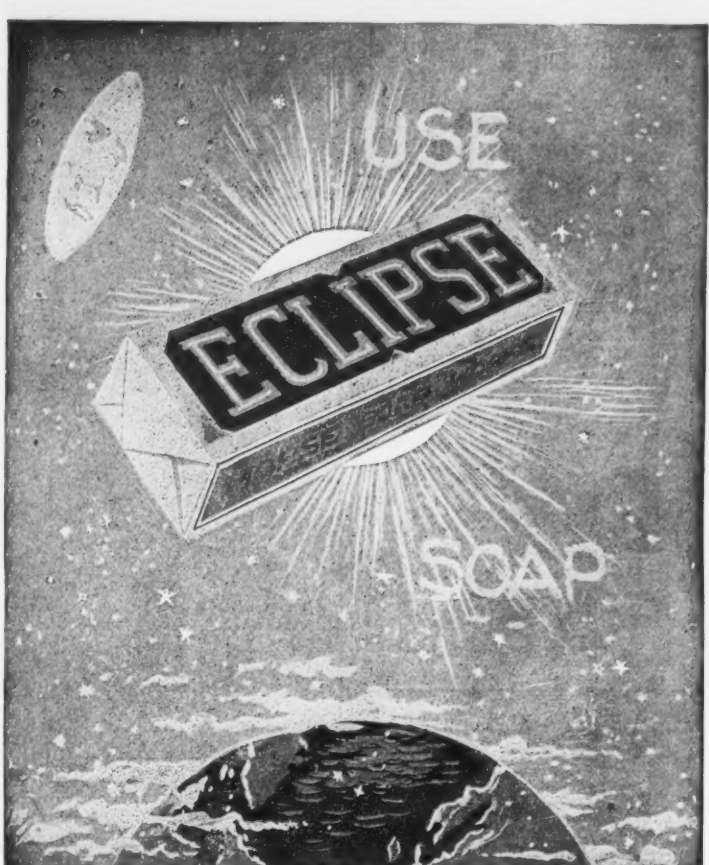
Why shouldn't he smile?

## A Torpedo-Boat Tragedy.

The Union squadron investing Charleston was drawing closer and closer to the doomed place. One of the warships that lay closest inshore was the Housatonic, and that vessel was selected as the torpedo-boat's victim. The Portland Transcript tells the tragic story.

The evening of February 17, 1865, closed in raw and foggy. At eight o'clock Captain Corbin gave the command, and the boat dropped down the river. As the clocks were striking the half hour in the city the little craft pulled over the bar. Noiselessly she glided through the water, guided by the lights on the Housatonic, for which she headed.

So heavy was the fog that she escaped the notice of the sentries. At a quarter to nine she lay directly in front of the



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**Doulton Vases & Co.**

We have a line of these EXQUISITE GEMS in Art Porcelain which we are CLOSING OUT AT BARGAINS.

This is an uncommon chance to procure these FAMOUS GOODS at a cut on regular wholesale prices.

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Old Established Importers of China and Lamps

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and Canadian Academy of Dramatic Art. Under the personal direction of Mr. Ernest Willis, late of Mrs. Bernard Beere's London Company, Kyrie Bell and others. Instruction in practical dramatic art. Public entertainments monthly. Engagements secured when competent. Terms on application. Studio—114 Yonge Street, Toronto.

son to the father's name, as Williamson. Many of the most common surnames, such as Johnson, Wilson, Dyson, Nicholson, etc., were taken by Brabanters and others, Flemings, who were naturalized in the reign of Henry VI., 1435.

**It Wasn't Claret.**

Toward the end of Lord Beaconsfield's second Premiership, a younger politician asked the Premier to dinner. It was a domestic event of the first importance, and no pains were spared to make the entertainment a success. When the ladies retired the host came and sat where the hostess had been, next to his distinguished guest. "Will you have some more claret, Lord Beaconsfield?" "No, thank

you, my dear fellow. It is admirable wine—true Falernian—but I have already exceeded my prescribed quantity, and the gout holds me in its horrid clutch." When the party had broken up the host and hostess were talking it over. "I think the chief enjoyed himself," said the host, "and I know he liked his claret." "Claret!" exclaimed the hostess; "why, he drank brandy and water all dinner time."

Mrs. Wilkins—Arthur, you used to say you loved the ground I walked on. Mr. Wilkins—Yes, I know I did. Your father owned all the land in that vicinity—Chicago Tribune.

War Photographer—Business with me is developing. How is it with you? Ammunition Manufacturer—Booming, thanks!—Toronto Topics.

## Summer Suggestions

is the title of one of the neatest little cook books of the year. Handsomely printed and illustrated, the book includes ten pages of practical recipes for favorite summer dishes, besides much other matter of interest and value to the housekeeper.

"Summer Suggestions" will be mailed free to any address upon application to

## The New Era Cooking School

Worcester Mass, U. S. A.

Please mention Saturday Night.

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**ROYAL**

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**Hotel Hanlan**

ISLAND

If Tourists knew the peaceful rest, recreation, comfort and healthfulness to be enjoyed at a moderate expense at this hotel, the question which is freely discussed in every family circle, **Where shall we spend the summer?** would be at once decided in our favor. Special rates for families for the season. Booklets on application.

M. A. THOMAS, Manager.

F. M. THOMAS, Resident Manager.

**Prospect House**

**PORT SANDFIELD**

**MUSKOKA LAKES**

This well known family hotel is now open. Accommodation for 200 guests. Send for Illustrated Circular and rates.

ENOCH CONNOR, Proprietor.

**Hotel Chautauqua**

**and Lakeside**

**NIAGARA-ON-THE-LAKE**

The hotel is now open for the reception of guests.

Bus to and from all trains and boats.

J. TASKER, Niagara-on-the-Lake, Ont.

**A Summer Rest**

Will do you and your family good. You'll be happy here, where we have everything for human comfort. Pure air, pure water, pure food. Fresh milk, fruit and vegetables, produced on the farm owned by the proprietor. Liberal table. Fishing, boating and bathing. For terms apply to

**M. WOODS,**

Woodington House, Lake Rosseau, Muskoka

**Robinson House**

**BIG BAY POINT, LAKE SIMCOE**

Nine Miles from Barrie.

Splendid fishing and bathing, and lovely cool walks through the pine groves. House now open. Steamer Conqueror connects with train at Barrie. Good table, furnished with abundance of milk and cream. Rates, \$6 per week, \$10 per day. Children, \$3. For particulars, write J. Adamson, Big Bay Point, or call on W. Paul, Board of Trade.

**Peninsular Park Hotel**

**BIG BAY POINT, LAKE SIMCOE**

The hotel, under the personal supervision of Mr. Albert Williams, the celebrated caterer of the "Hub," Toronto, is now open for the reception of guests.

Our own boats meet all trains at Barrie. Rates, \$25.00 per day; \$8.00 to \$12.00 per week. Special rates to families.

M. McCONNELL, 40 Colborne Street, Toronto.

ALBERT WILLIAMS, Manager.

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Good accommodation for fifty guests. Only a short distance from Six Mile and Holehog Lakes. Good roads to Crane and Blackstone. Safe bathing for ladies and children. Post office on the premises. Rates, \$10.00 per day. Special rates for families. Address—JOHN J. BARNESDALE, P. O., Lake Joseph, Muskoka.

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Good set, \$4.

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The Gold Medal Furniture Mfg. Co.

### Some Plain Talk.

By the Editor of Scribner's.

It takes three weeks for a responsible hen, using due diligence, to hatch out a setting of eggs. A person whose exploit the newspapers record maintains that in his incubator, run by his methods, chickens are hatched in eight days. That is in itself a suggestive fact, but not so suggestive as what follows, for he says that chickens hatched in his incubator, in air carefully moistened and cleaned, are different from ordinary incubator-chickens, in that their flesh isn't stringy and does not taste of coal-oil.

Now, I had noticed that the spring chickens of ordinary contemporaneous experience do not compare to advantage with the spring chickens of memory. I had noticed that they had no taste and afforded little nourishment, but I had been willing to surmise that it was because I was old, and not because there was any sweeping change in spring chickens. I was glad, therefore, to find myself relieved in some measure from the sense of self-imputed impairment, and to find a basis for the suspicion that modern improvement has done its work, and that spring chicken nowadays is not what it used to be.

The same charge has been made about English mutton. Time was in England when mutton was mutton, and had a flavor. The sheep grazed on the hills of Britain, nibbled British grasses, and looked out on gentle British landscapes for four or five years, until it grew up and had assimilated its due allowance of the blessings of life. Then, when it came on the table, it was something to remember and be thankful for. Now it no longer pays to let a sheep live after it has once got its growth. Mutton has no longer any taste, the British epicures tell us.

I confess, though, that it was news to me that spring chickens tasted of coal-oil. They do. They must. Chickens which as eggs have lain for weeks, unconscious of maternal tenderness, in an atmosphere warmed by smoky kerosene lamps, ought to taste of oil and ought to be stringy. Time has its revenge; so has an artificial and unscrupulous expedition. If the eight-day chickens don't taste of oil, depend upon it they don't taste of anything.

Of course, the moral of all this is self-apparent. It takes time to get the flavor out of life, time to get the flavor of life into any product; and time in these days is something of the expenditure of which we seem to be feverishly chary. "A hen's time" is of a value traditionally minute. Yet in our eagerness we have got up contrivances to save it. So we scheme to save our own. All the while, in all things, we keep straining after the accomplishment of the maximum of production in the minimum of interval. We Americans, are we going to have any flavor that is worth having? Or are we going to taste of mere coal-smoke and run to stringiness in fibre? All about we see the incubator processes in full blast. We see them in art; we see them in literature. Our newspapers are huge incubators that hatch out pictures and printed discourse with marvelous rapidity. We see illustrators kept so busy by the demands of a press, or a dozen presses, that time has evidently failed them to hatch their pictures properly. We see writers, led on by the importunities of too ready a market, scrambling on with stenographers and typewriters to aid them in an effort to keep abreast of a profitable demand. We have lately seen incubator methods applied to the formation of an army, and we may be excused for thinking it would have been better to have set our military hen in time. We have knowledge, too, of incubator Congressmen—citizens not trained to the consideration of the problems of government, but hatched out in big unmothered broods into a field not safely to be traversed by untutored instinct.

We are wonderfully quick, ingenious, adaptable. Those are good qualities. We have made extraordinary material progress in a comparatively short time, and we have visible results. So far, good; but let us take care that we do not lose in flavor and quality what we seem to have gained in time.



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Tetley's Elephant Brand Packets, filled with pure good tea, and sold in ½ and 1 lb. packets, at 40c., 50c., 60c., 70c. and \$1.00 per lb., are certainly

### Best of Tea Value

no matter which grade is purchased.

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### Said She Was Bewitched.

Elizabeth Janfield, afterward Lady Falkland, was called an "odd child." Sometimes her father, who was a judge, took her with him to court. On one of these occasions a woman was brought before him on a charge of witchcraft. It was said that she had bewitched two or three persons to death. The frightened creature, when asked if this were so, fell on her knees, and weeping, confessed that the accusations against her were true.

"Did you bewitch — to death?" asked the judge.

"Yes," was her reply.

"Did you come in the form of a black cat, and breathe on him so that he languished away?"

"I did."

And then the grave judge heard a whisper at his ear, and his little daughter — she was only ten years old — begged him to ask the woman if she had bewitched John Symondes to death.

The question was put and immediately answered in the affirmative. How had she done it? Then she told one of her former stories, at which all the company laughed. The reason of the merriment was that John Symondes was the judge's brother-in-law, and at that moment was standing near him in court. The judge then asked why she had made such a statement.

"Alas, sir, I knew him not," replied the woman. "I said so because you asked me."

"Are you no witch?"

"No; God knows I'm not."

"Nor did you ever see the devil?"

"No, never in all my life."

On further examination she said she had been told that, if she did not confess, she would be tortured until she died; but that if she admitted all the accusations, mercy would be shown her. She was thereupon acquitted; and she owed her release, and probably her life, to the shrewdness of a little girl.

### For the Summering Out Days.

These are days when nothing's so comfortable for a gentleman to wear as a flannel suit at the watering-place or where neqhtdress is at all permissible—whether for lounging or in out-of-door sports. Then for dinner there's the dressy tuxedo, almost a necessity for evenings at such fashionable summering places as one goes to, say at Muskoka or over the Niagara way. These special garments are becoming more the vogue, and Henry A. Taylor, Draper, the Rossin Block, is perhaps above all other fashioners able to direct you in what is desirable and becoming in summer outing dress for gentlemen.

"Here's an egg with two yolks; isn't that a bad omen?" "No; that doesn't mean anything. It's just a 'yellow extra.'"  
—Chicago Record.

### The Cradle, Altar and the Tomb.

#### Births.

STEPHENS—Glencairn, July 23, Mrs. S. T. Stephens—a son.  
ROSS—July 29, Mrs. David Ross—a son.  
TOMPKINS—July 23, Mrs. H. E. Tompkins—a daughter.  
GILBERT—July 23, Mrs. Robert M. Gilbert—a son.

#### Marriages.

TODD—HICKLE—Chbourg, June 20, James A. Todd to Mary Elizabeth Hickle.  
PEARSON—TODD—Walkerton, July 20, Charles Pearson to Mabel Todd.  
BROWN—McGUFFEE—July 16, Harry G. Brown to Inez Marion McGuffee.  
GIANELLI—GRAY—July 26, Victor E. Gianelli to Caroline Gray.  
REARDON—DIXON—July 25, Joseph J. Reardon to Louise Dixon.  
WEBBER—LANCASTER—July 27, Horace John Webber to Mary Louisa Lancaster.

#### Deaths.

HAGAMAN—Oakville, July 23, Maria Hagaman, aged 78.  
KIRKPATRICK—Montreal, July 20, Frederick Fisher Kirkpatrick.  
MACCOLL—July 23, Evan MacColl, aged 80.  
PEARSON—July 23, Fanny Pearson.  
PORTER—Chicago, July 23, Mrs. John Porter.  
STEPHENSON—Orangeville, July 23, Ruth Stephenson, aged 23.  
MACDOUGALL—July 20, Isabel (Cloud-dell) Macdougall.  
MAHAFFEY—July 23, Christina Jean Cameron Mahaffey.  
PALMER—July 21, C. Amelia Palmer.  
LUNDY—Peterborough, July 26, Margaret Lundy, aged 81.  
MONTGOMERY—July 26, Thomas Montgomery, aged 53.  
PEARS—July 23, Louis W. Pears.  
SMITH—Cochichewick, July 23, Rev. James C. Smith, D.D., aged 6.

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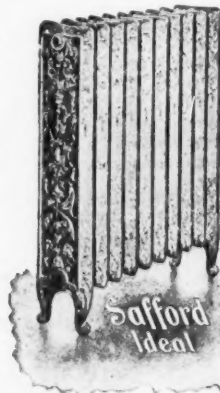
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